

SAM & MAX



SURFIN' THE HIGHWAY

by STEVE PURCELL

SAM & MAX

SURFIN' THE HIGHWAY

**THIS EDITION IS DEDICATED
TO MY SISTER DEB
WHO TAUGHT ME TO READ,
AND TO FEAR DOLLS**

**Sam & Max Surfin' the Highway
Anniversary Edition**

Published by



telltale games

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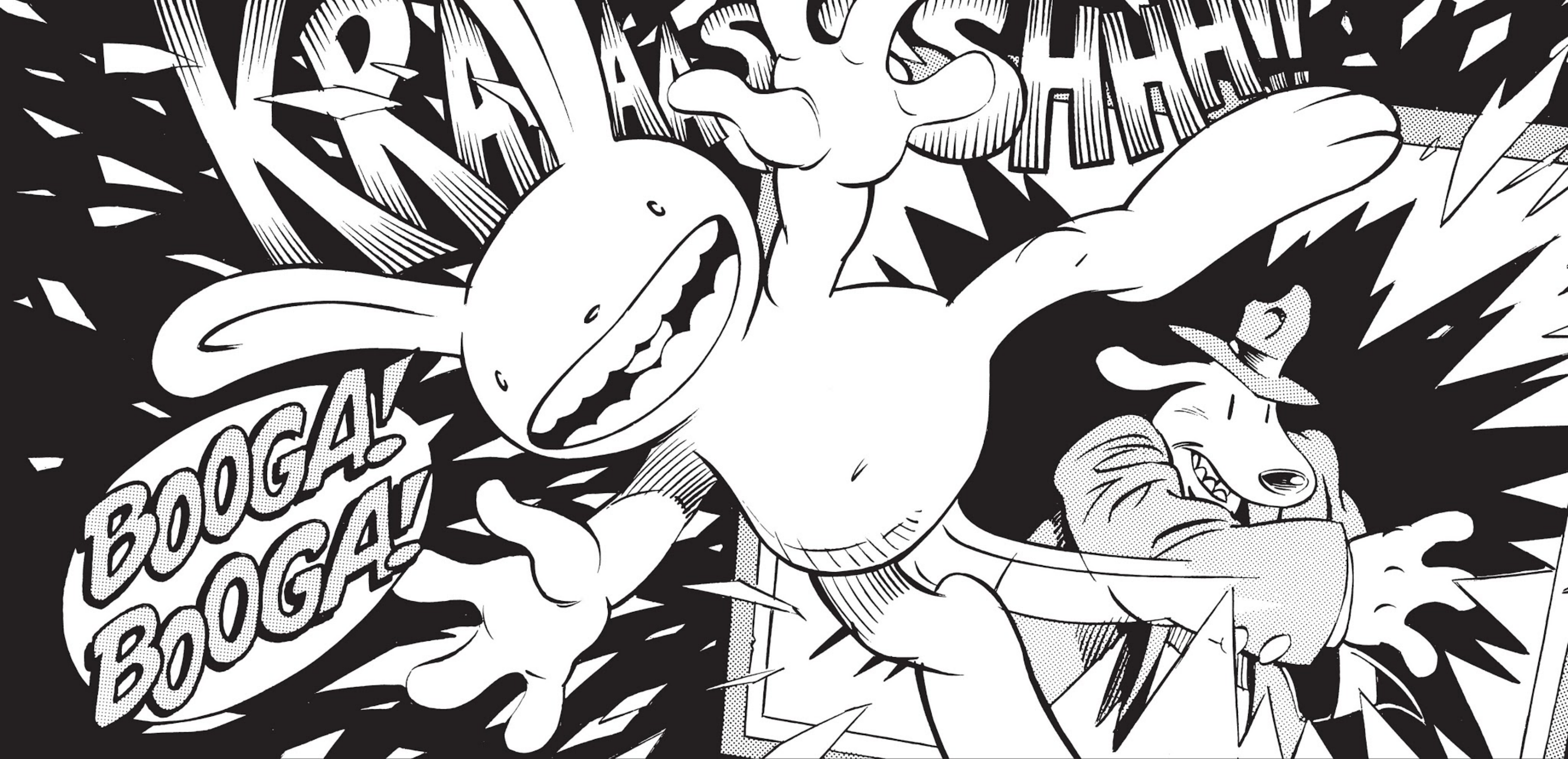
SURFIN' THE HIGHWAY

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

STEVE PURCELL

LETTERED BY

LOIS BUHALIS



SAM & MAX ARE LIKE THOSE SETS OF TWIN BABIES YOU USED TO HEAR ABOUT...

...so thoroughly connected that they develop their own impenetrable language. Some readers come to believe that they are the only ones who have cracked Sam & Max's bizarre code—then, feeling obliged to include others in the conspiracy, lend a friend their only copy of the comics, discovering later that the fugitive book has been handed off to the next unsuspecting “indoctrinee.”

In the twenty years since the first Sam & Max comic was published, I have often heard from people who

tell me some version of, “My friends and I always use that phrase,” or, “We make up our own Sam & Maxisms,” or even more memorably, “We played Fizzball at our wedding with an engraved axe handle!” It's a gratifying thing to have people invite your characters into their lives that way.

I suppose you could argue that anything that's repeatedly put in front of an audience will eventually gain loyalty, but to that I say, “Hah!” There have been only a handful of these comics! A smattering

of successful games. A blip of an animated series. Certainly not enough material to build that relentless traction of an endlessly renewed sitcom or syndicated comic that has existed since the Korean Conflict. Sam & Max's fans are a discerning bunch with impeccable taste and that ever-appealing desire to share the good news with their friends.

It is to the existing fans and to those future put-upon readers that I offer this collection. In this updated volume you'll find all the stories, ads, and pin-ups

that matter... if not the lumbering webcomic storyline, or that forever-unfinished story about Max being shot and replaced by a sociopathic gibbon. I'll finish that damn thing some day or I'll drag it through the afterlife like Marley's chains. In the meantime, please enjoy Surfin' the Highway.



STEVE PURCELL 2007

SAM & MAX FREELANCE POLICE IN:
MONKEYS VIOLATING the HEAVENLY TEMPLE

BASED ON THE NOVELLA: SAM & MAX MEET SOME BAD GUYS



NEW YORK NEW YORK
IT'S A HELL OF A TOWN
THE BRONX IS UP
AND THE BOWERY'S DOWN
THE MIMES ARE FOOD
FOR THE BUMS UNDERGROUND
NEW YAWK NEW YAAWWNK-d

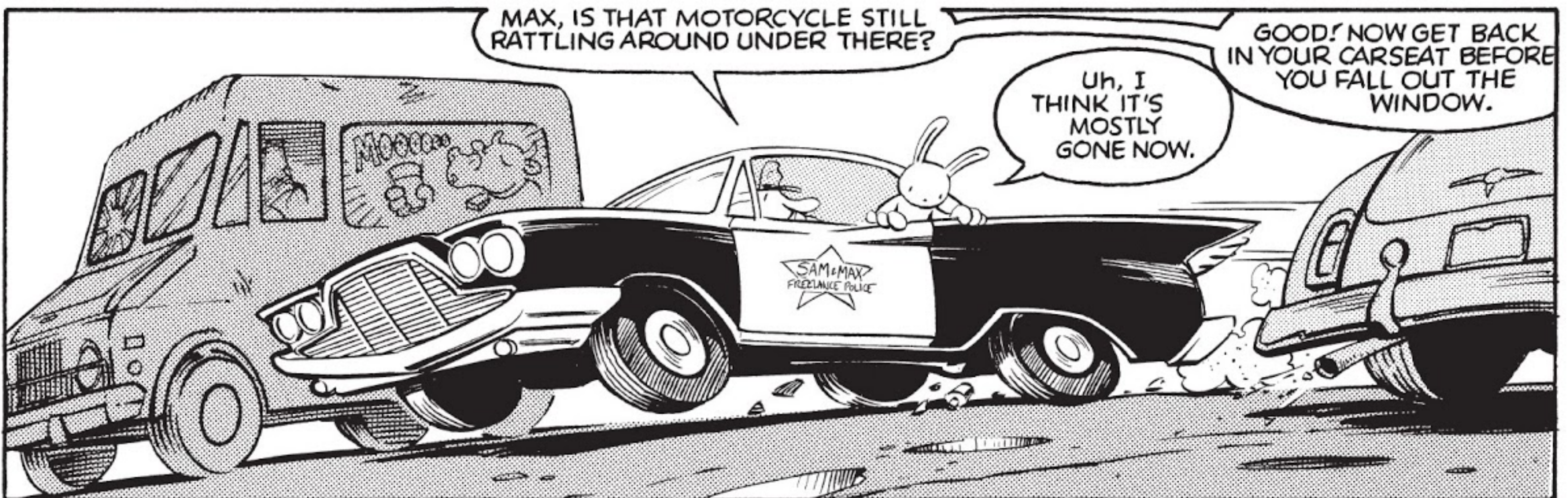
THAT'S A
CUTE SONG, SAM.
I DON'T
RECOGNIZE IT.

IT'S FROM ONE
OF MY FAVORITE
MUSICALS, MAX. IT'S
ABOUT A QUIANT
FRENCH CIRCUS THAT
COMES TO TOWN AND
IS IMMEDIATELY
CANNIBALIZED BY
THE LOCAL
MOLE MEN.

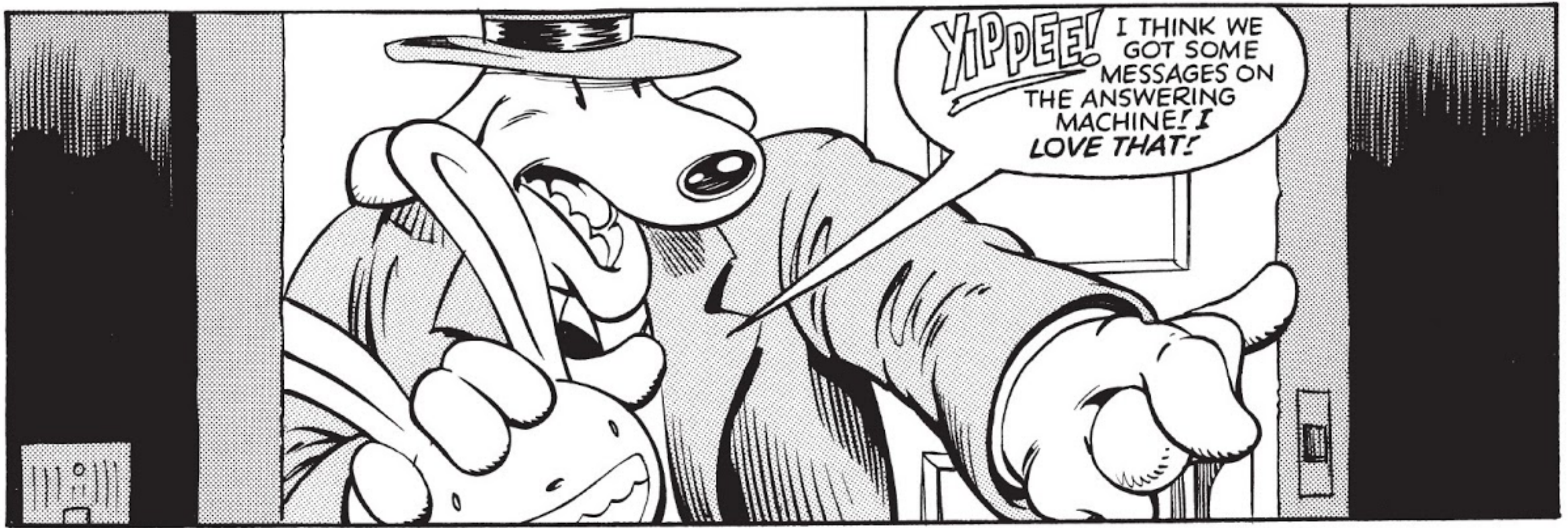


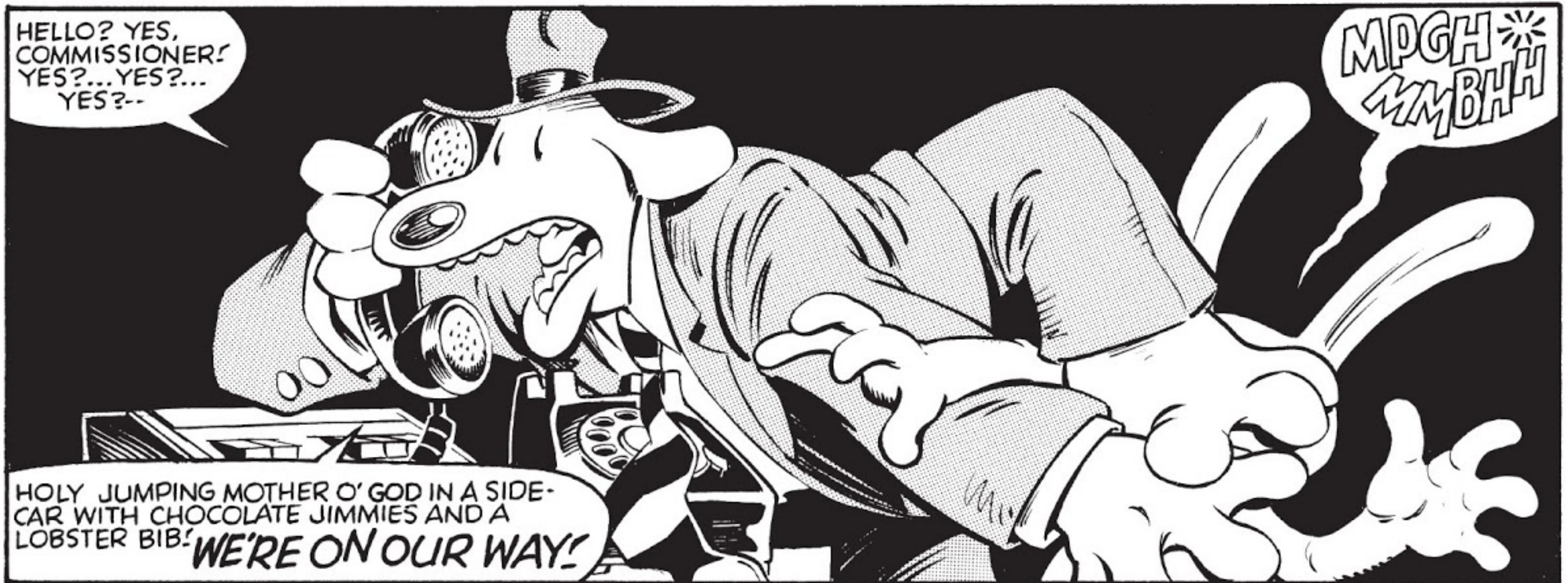
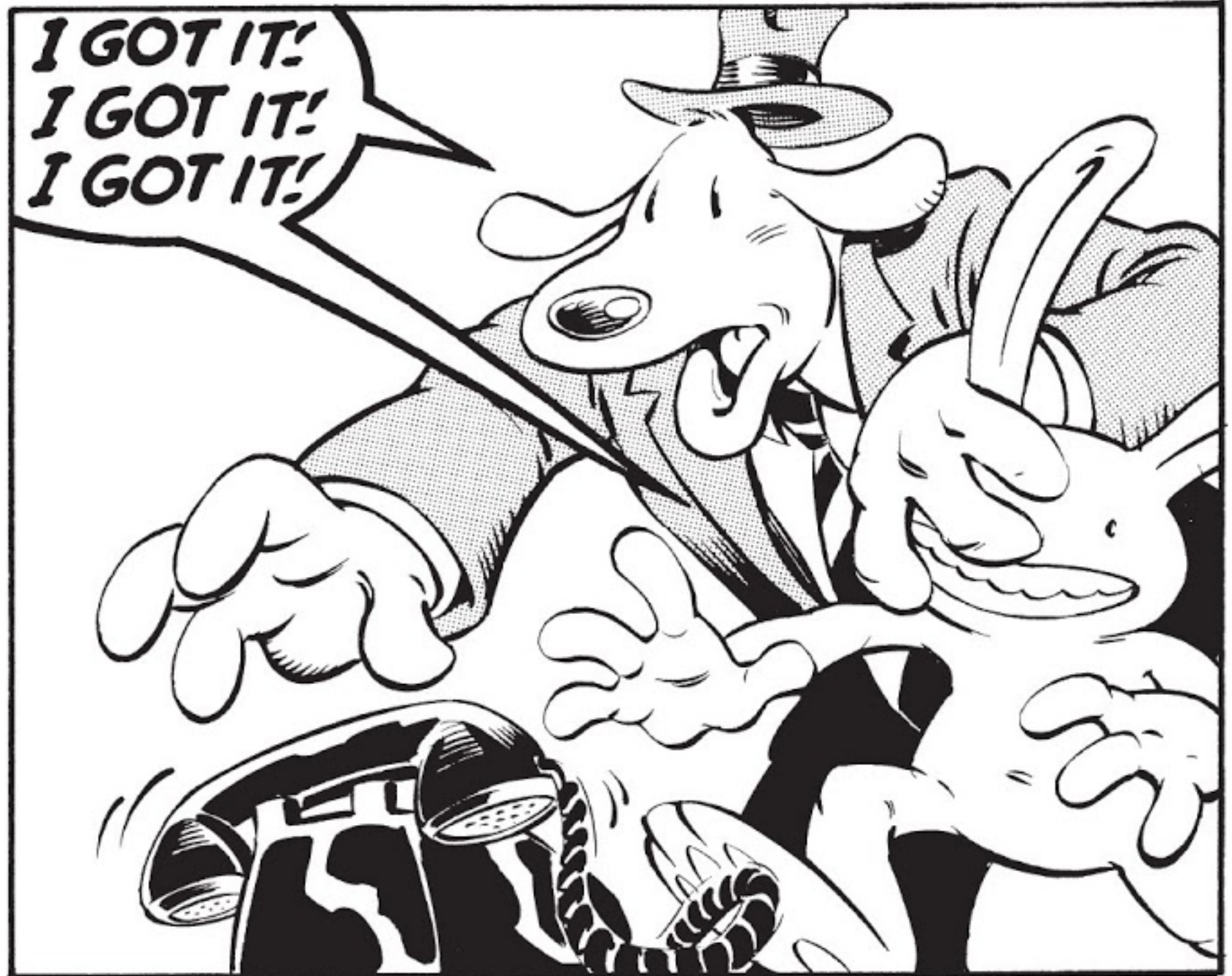


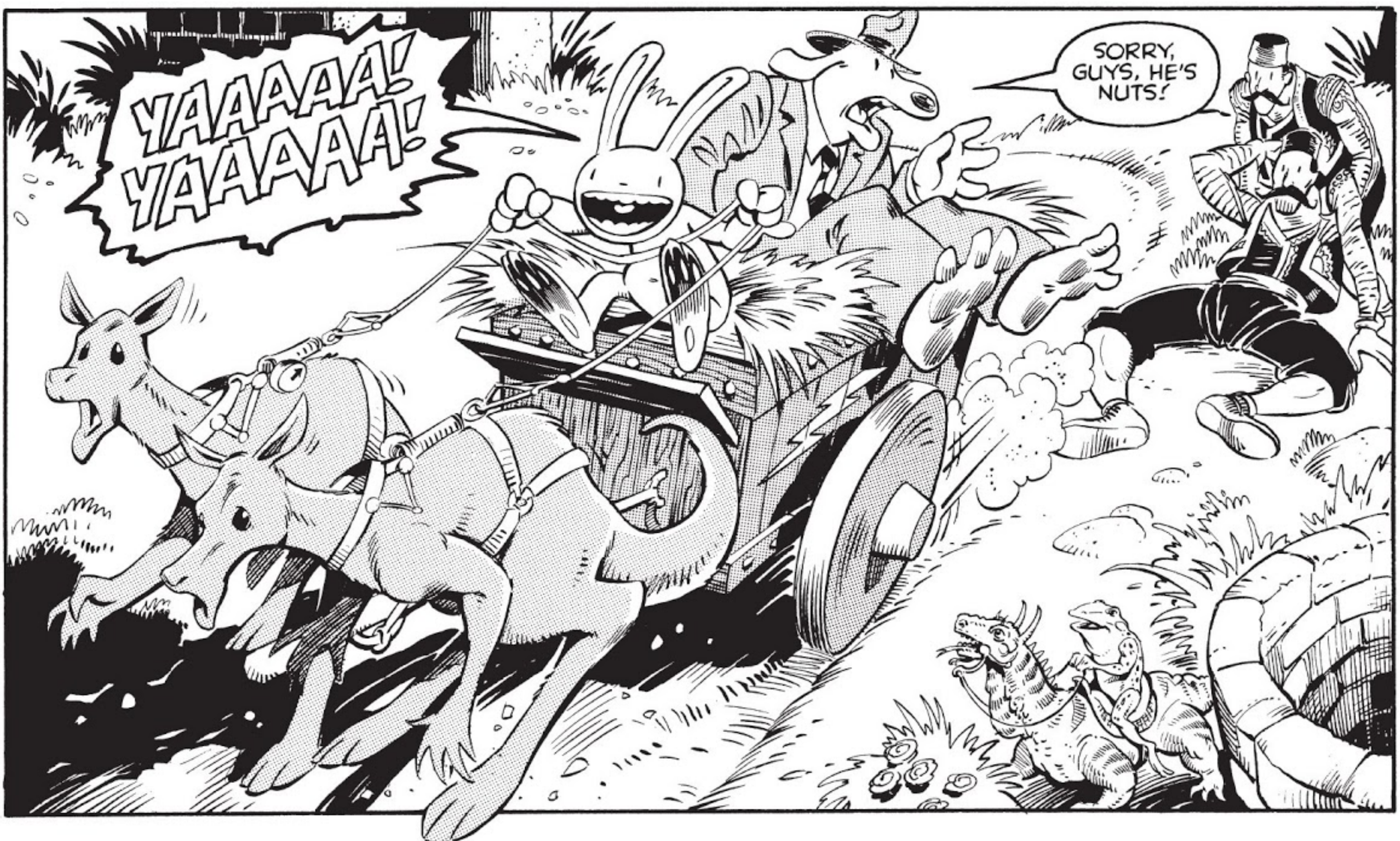
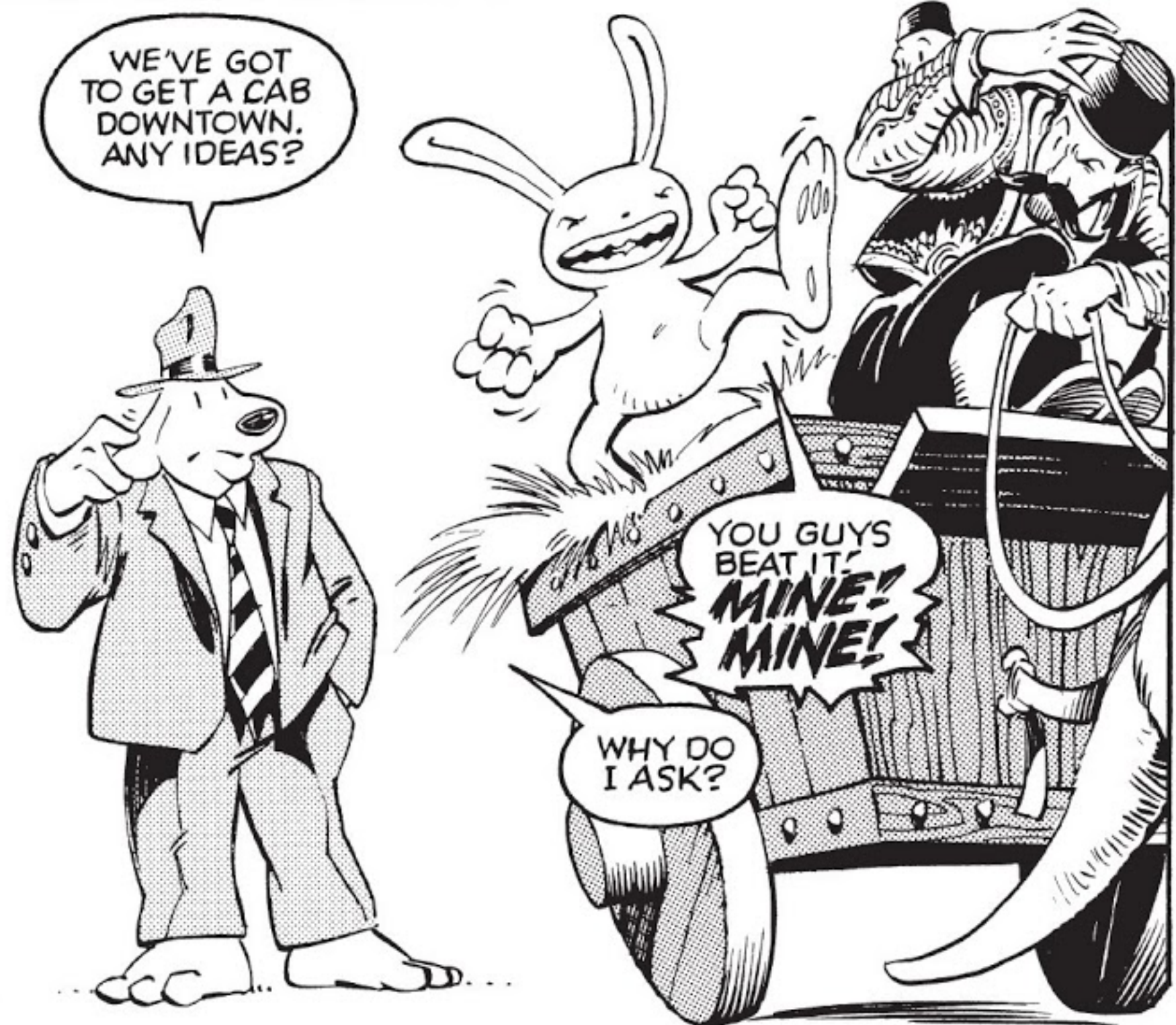
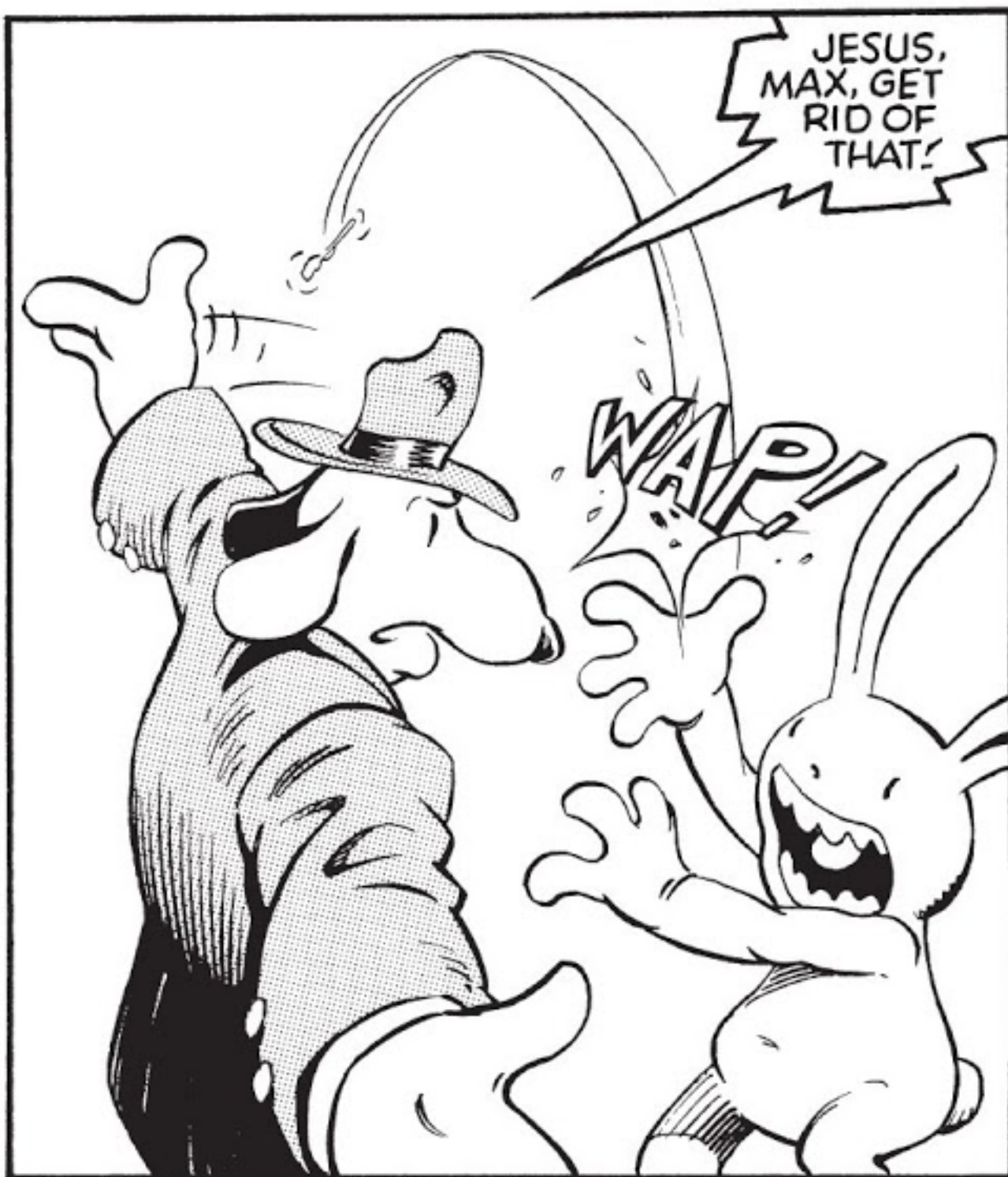
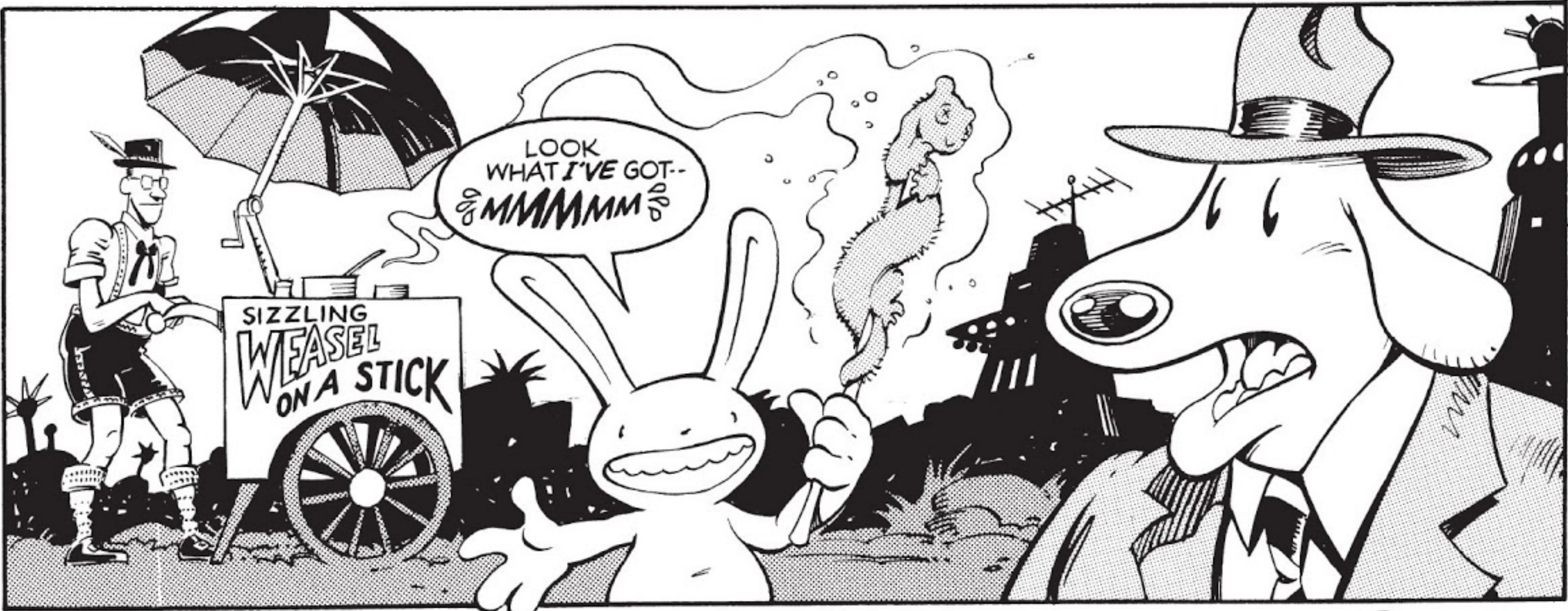




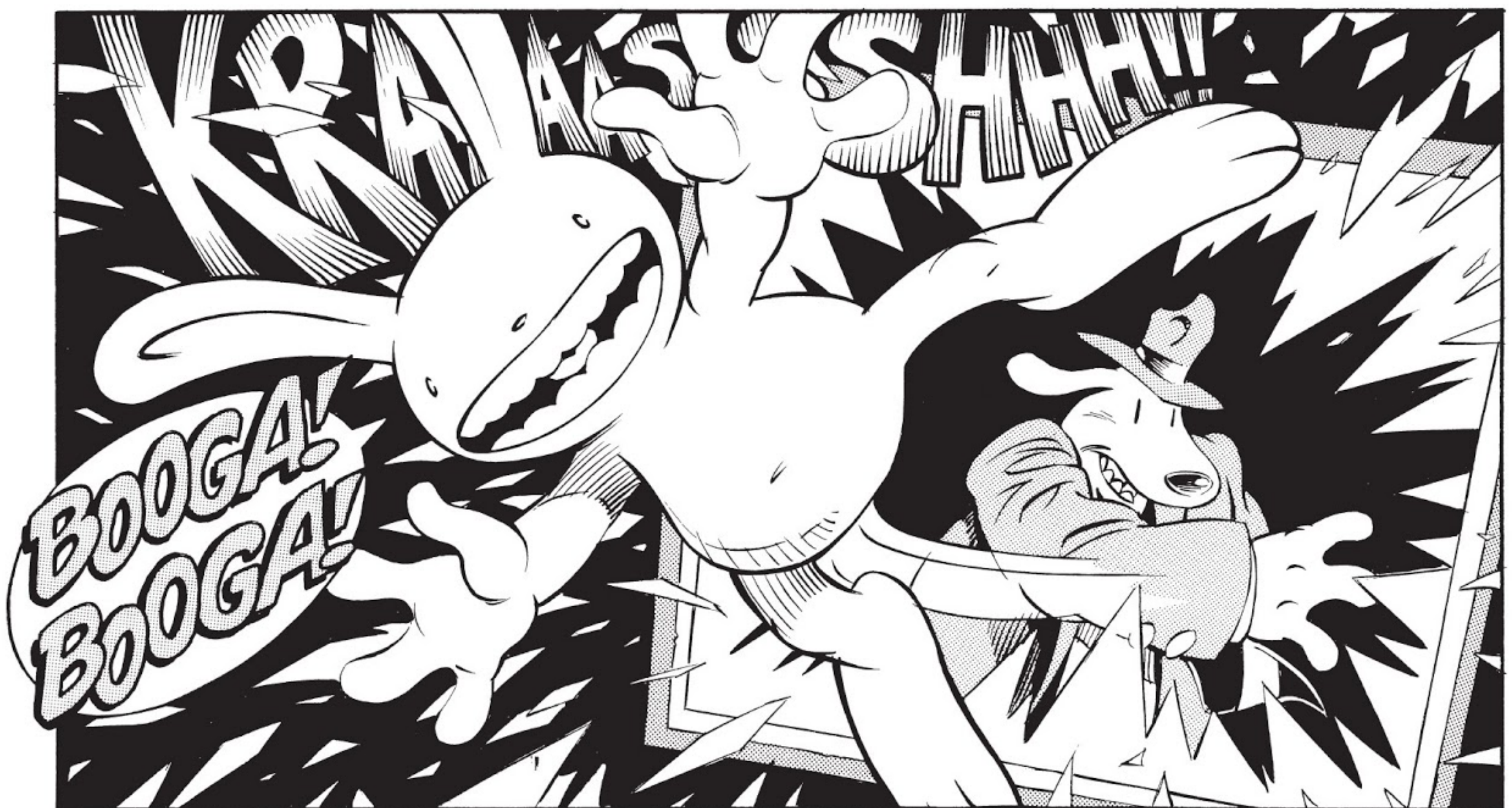
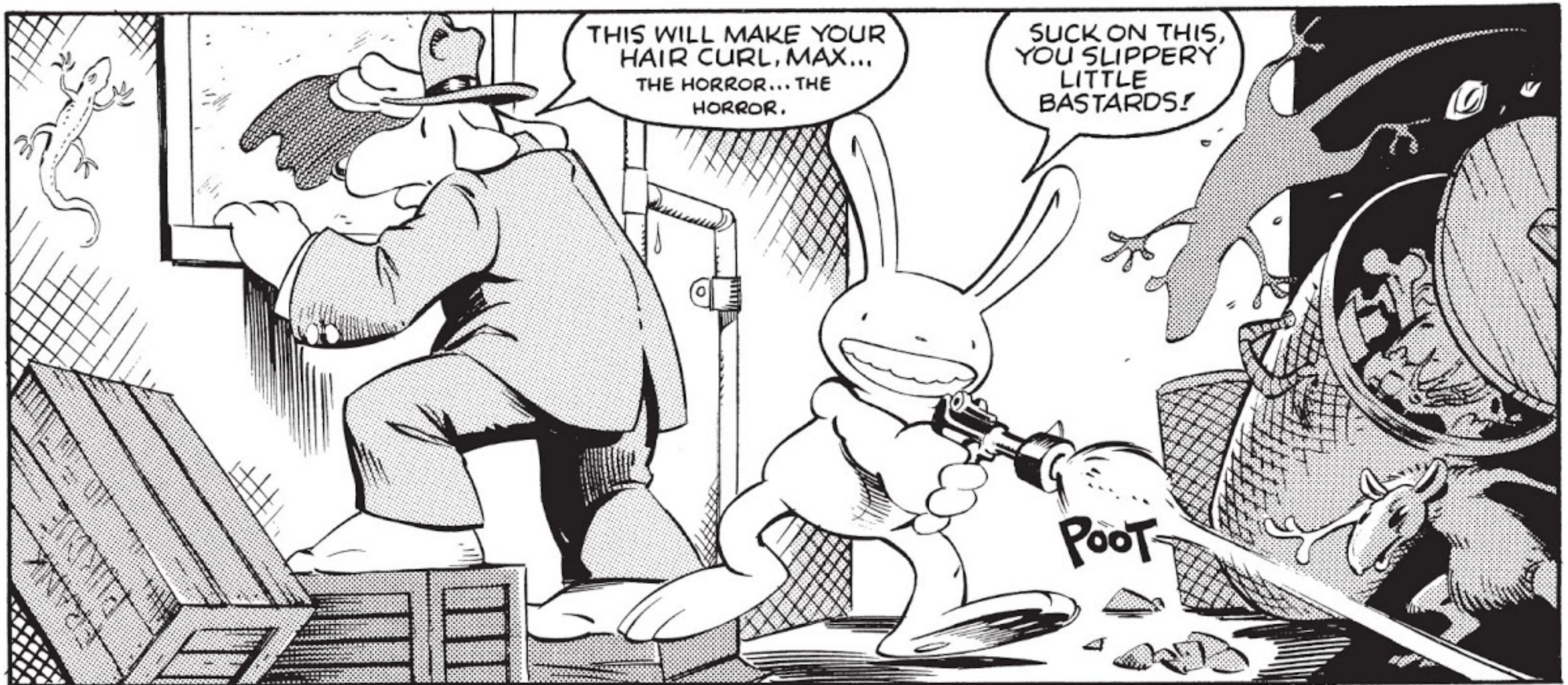


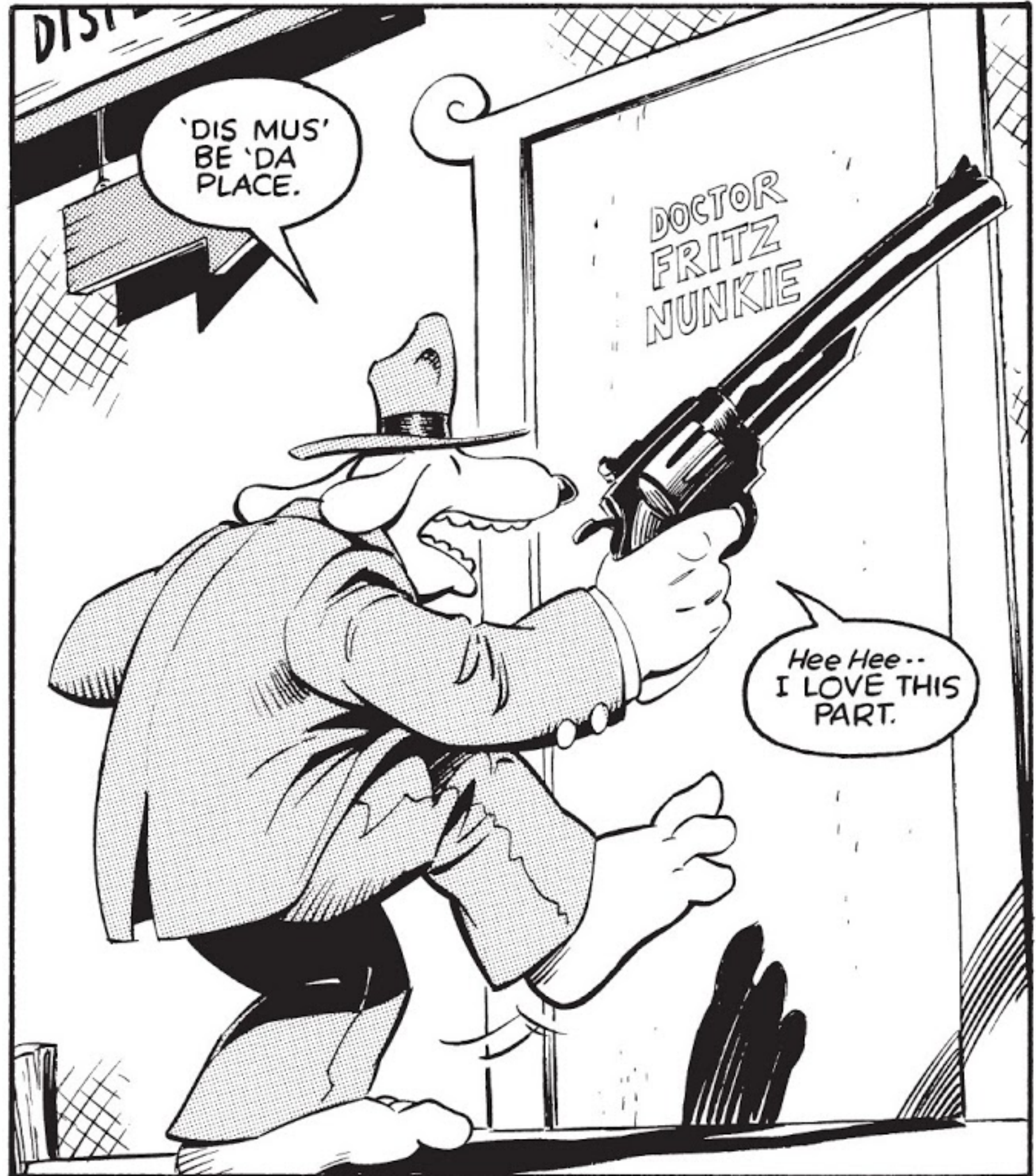


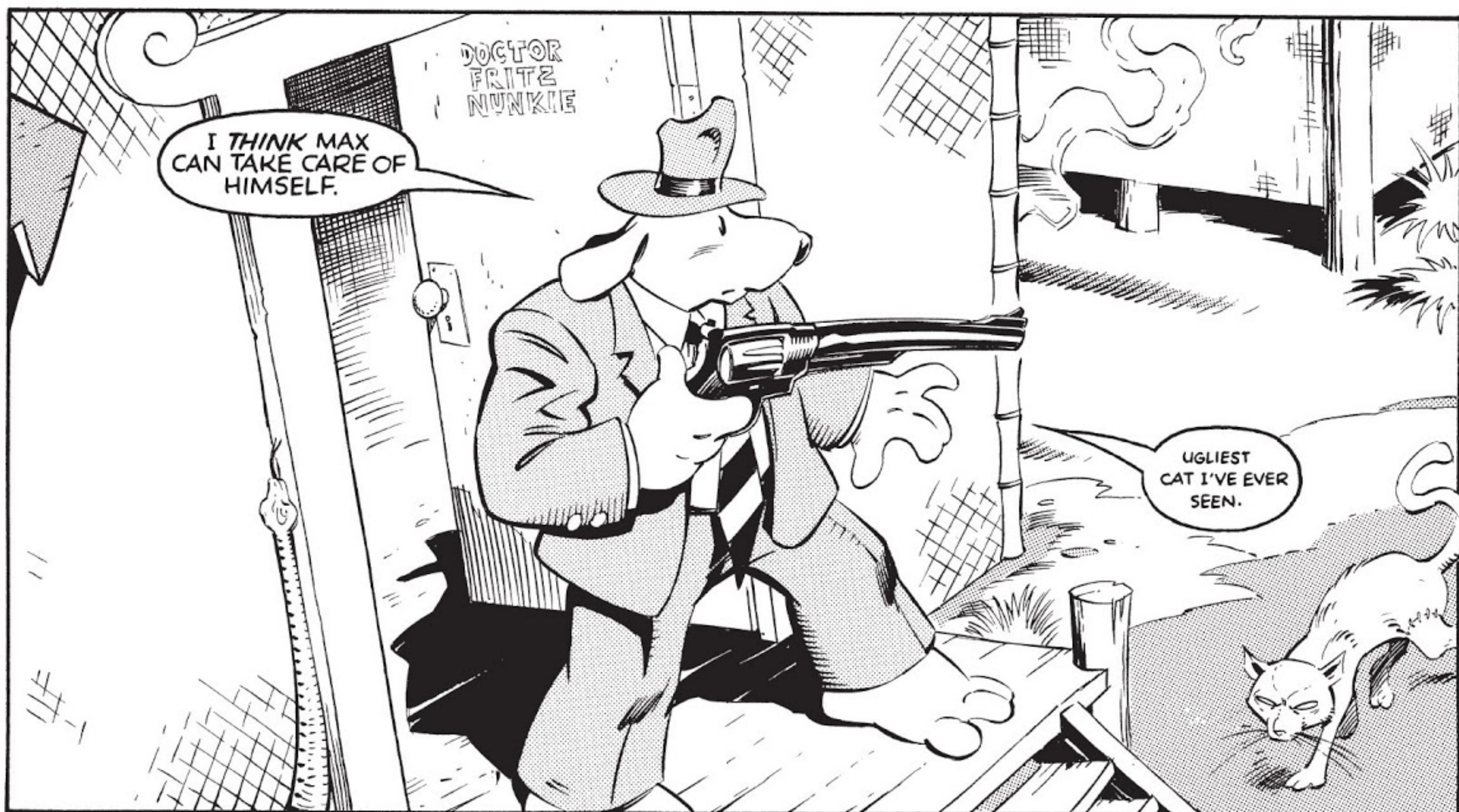
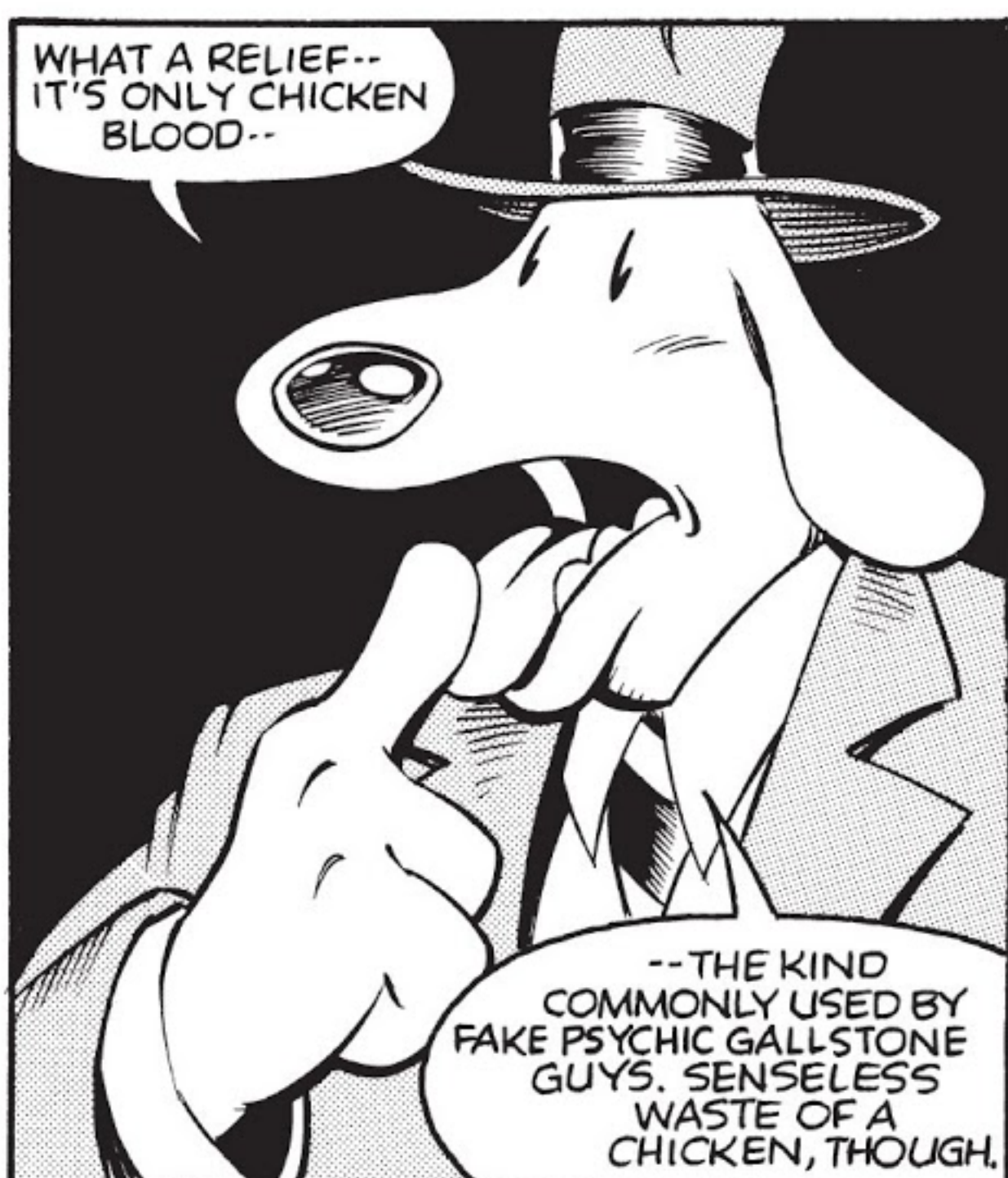




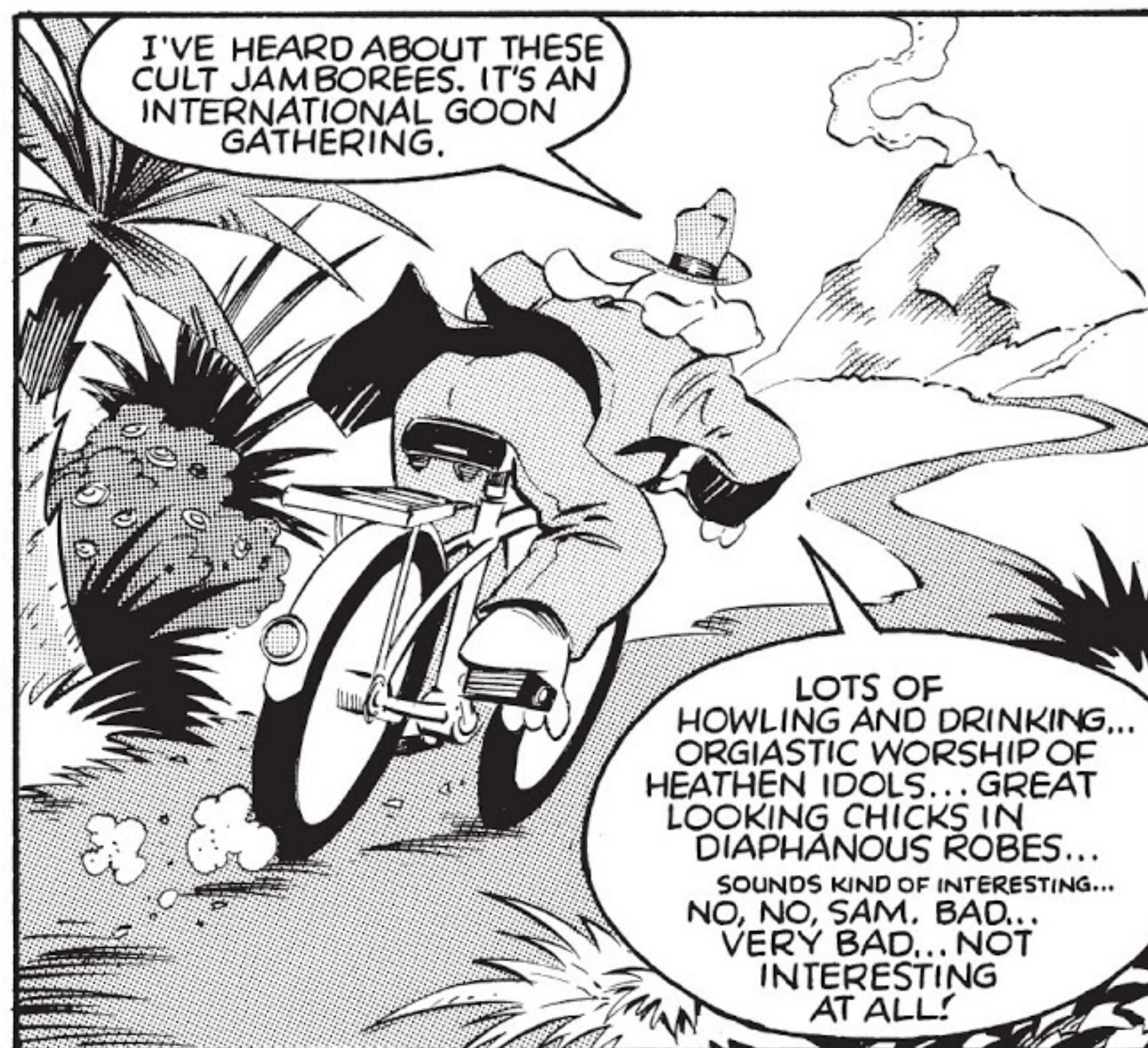
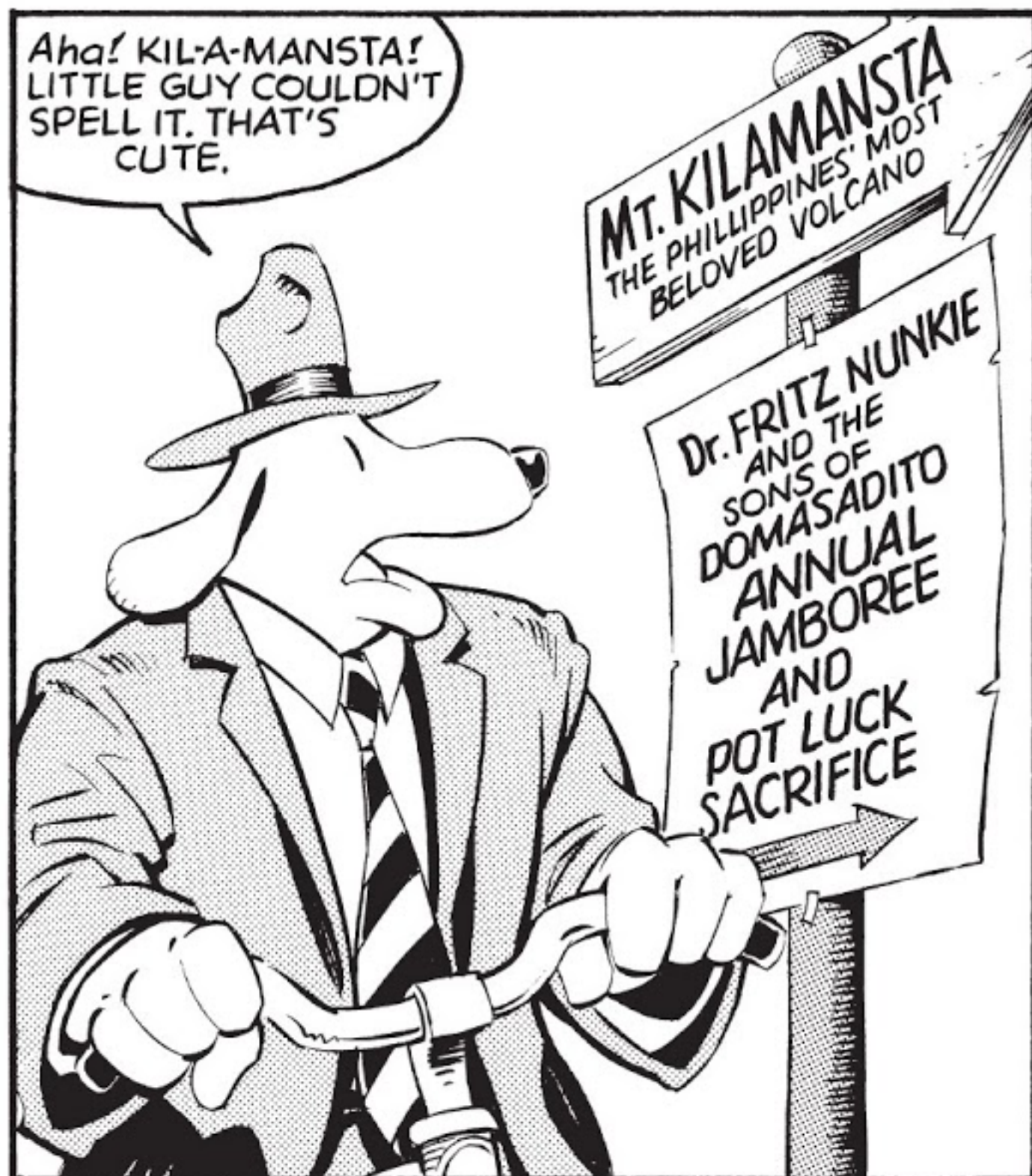












CONTINUED, AFTER THE FOLLOWING PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT!

LET'S PLAY FIZZBALL™

EQUIPMENT:

THE PITCHER:

READY TO PLAY? SHAKE THE CAN VIGOROUSLY UNTIL THE LITTLE BALL STARTS RATTLING. OOPS, WRONG GAME. USE YOUR OWN JUDGEMENT. GET ABOUT FIFTEEN FEET FROM THE BATTER TO PITCH.

THE BATTER:

SWING LIKE A MAD APE. THE OBJECT IS TO HACK THROUGH THE SOFT MIDDLE AND SPLIT THE CAN WIDE OPEN! YAHOOO! SOME FUN, eh?

A REAL EASY UNDERHAND PITCH IS USED. YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO STRIKE THE GUY OUT. YOU WANT TO SEE THE CAN BLOW UP, RIGHT? RIGHT?

**REFERENCE SECTION
VARIOUS FIZZBALL PHENOMENA--CREATE YOUR OWN!**

THE PINWHEEL



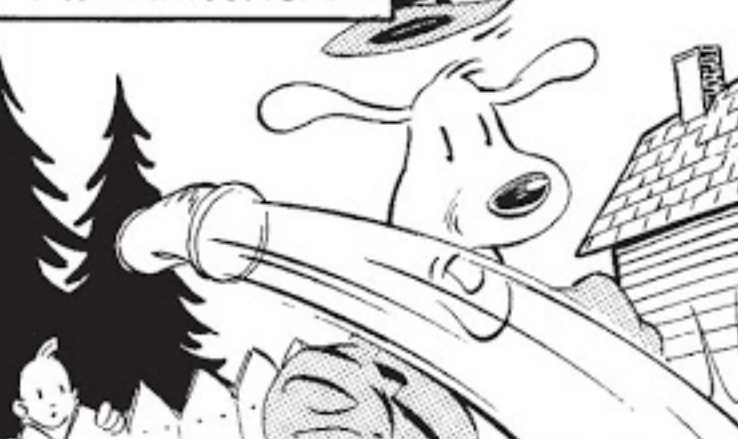
THIS IS A GREAT FIZZBALL EFFECT! THE CAN IS SMACKED OPEN AND ROTATES IN THE AIR FOREVER, DRENCHING EVERYTHING IN A TWENTY-FOOT RADIUS WITH BEAUTIFUL RIBBONS OF FOAM!

THE WAR OF THE WORLDS



PICTURE THE TOP OF THE BATTED CAN, SNAPPED FREE, SPINNING AND ACTUALLY GAINING ALTITUDE LIKE A HOVERING ALIEN CRAFT! WOW!

THE CANNONBALL



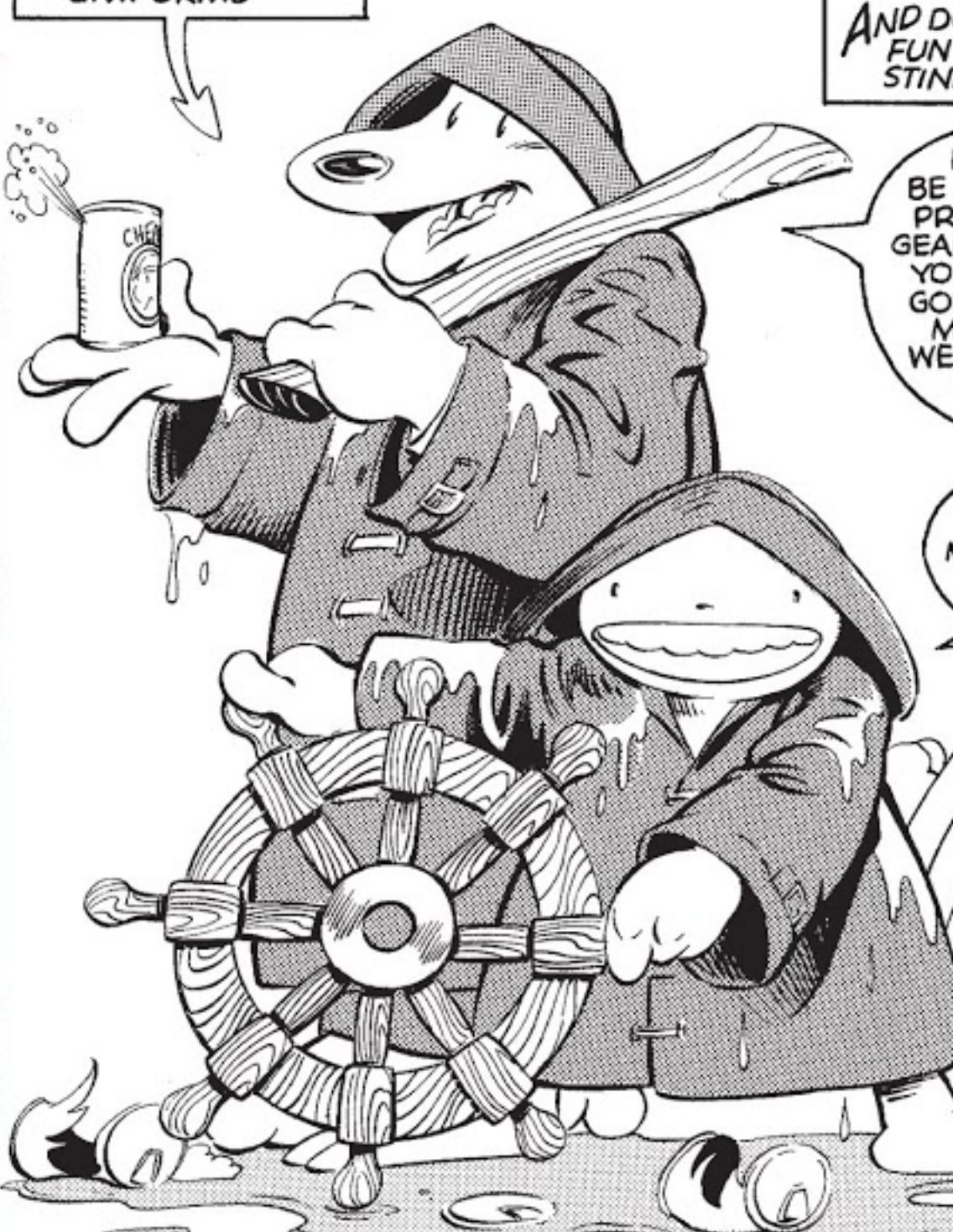
THIS ONE IS OFTEN FRUSTRATING. THE SWELLING CAN IS BASHED OVER THE FENCE, UNRUPTURED AND OUT OF REACH. BUT YOU MIGHT WANT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THE KIDS NEXT DOOR WHEN THEY TRY TO OPEN IT. HEE HEE.

THE TIME BOMB



A TINY RUPTURE STARTS A FINE SPRAY-LEAK AS THE SPINNING CAN SKITTERS ACROSS THE GROUND! QUICK! GET IT BACK IN PLAY BEFORE IT'S A DUD!

OFFICIAL FIZZBALL UNIFORMS



THE FIELDERS:

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, TRY TO CATCH A SHREDDED METAL CAN? WHAT ARE YOU, STUPID?

NO POINTS ARE SCORED

FIZZBALL IS NON-COMPETITIVE AND PROMOTES COOPERATIVE BEHAVIOR:

EVERYONE GETS TO SEE BEER CANS BUST OPEN!

EVERYONE PITCHES IN TO CARRY LINE DRIVE VICTIMS TO THE HOSPITAL!

EVERYONE PLAYS TOWARD A COMMON GOAL--

THE MUTUAL AESTHETIC APPRECIATION OF RAINING FROTH AND SHIMMERING ALUMINUM SHRAPNEL!

AND DON'T FORGET THE FUN OF MAKING A BIG STINKING MESS!

HAVE FUN AND BE SURE TO WEAR PROTECTIVE HEADGEAR (BUT ONLY IF YOU'RE SOME KIND OF GODDAM PANSY), AND MAYBE NEXT TIME WE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT 8-TRACK TAPE SKEET SHOOT.

SMELLS LIKE A BAR RAG IN HERE. MAYBE WE SHOULD PLAY OUTSIDE NEXT TIME.

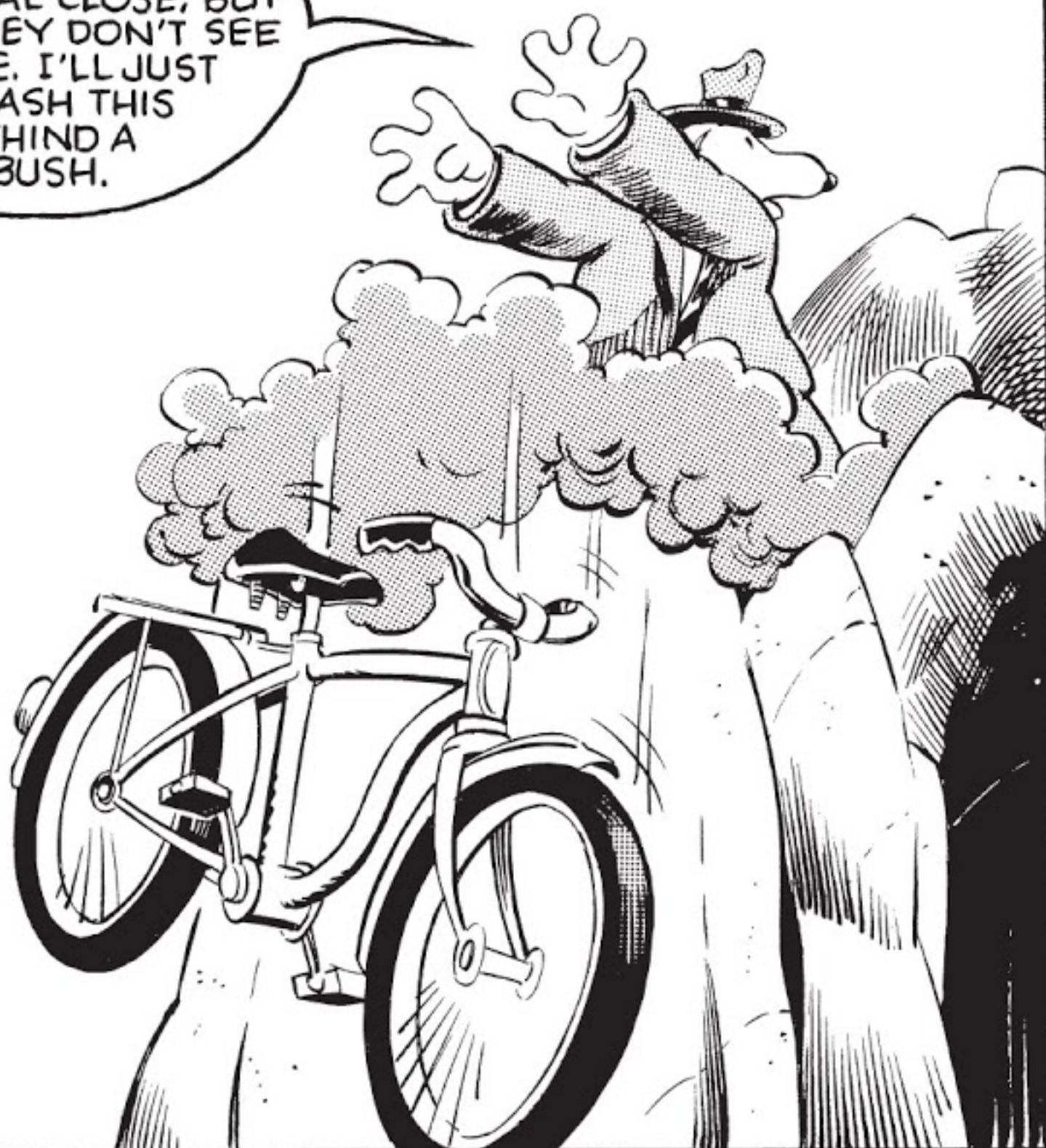
GET YOURSELF A FEW CASES OF THAT CHEAP, NASTY BEER THAT'S USUALLY FOUND STACKED AND ON SALE NEAR THE CHECKOUT COUNTER RIGHT BEFORE NATIONAL DRINKING HOLIDAYS.

YOU'LL NEED AN AXE OR MATTOCK HANDLE OR SOME KIND OF PRIMITIVE LOOKING BRANCH! THINK ATOMIC WAR-CLUB SIZE! YEAH!

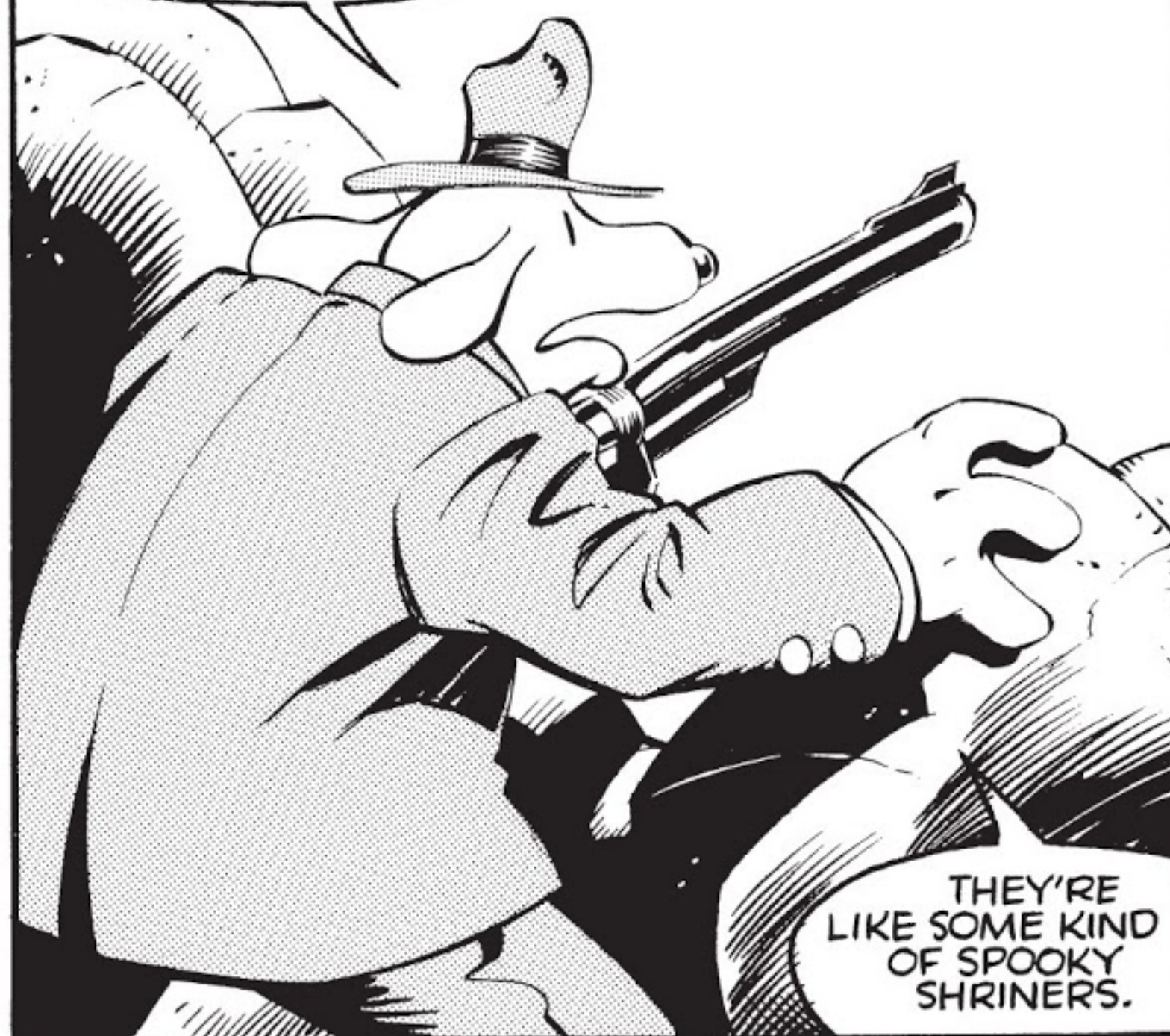


Thanks to Art Adams, Mike Mignola and Scott Mignola for selfless aid in research and development. **STEVE PURCELL** © 1987

REAL CLOSE, BUT
THEY DON'T SEE
ME. I'LL JUST
STASH THIS
BEHIND A
BUSH.



THEY'VE GOT MAX TIED TO
THAT CHEEZY ALTER! TOO
MANY TO TAKE ON BY
MYSELF.



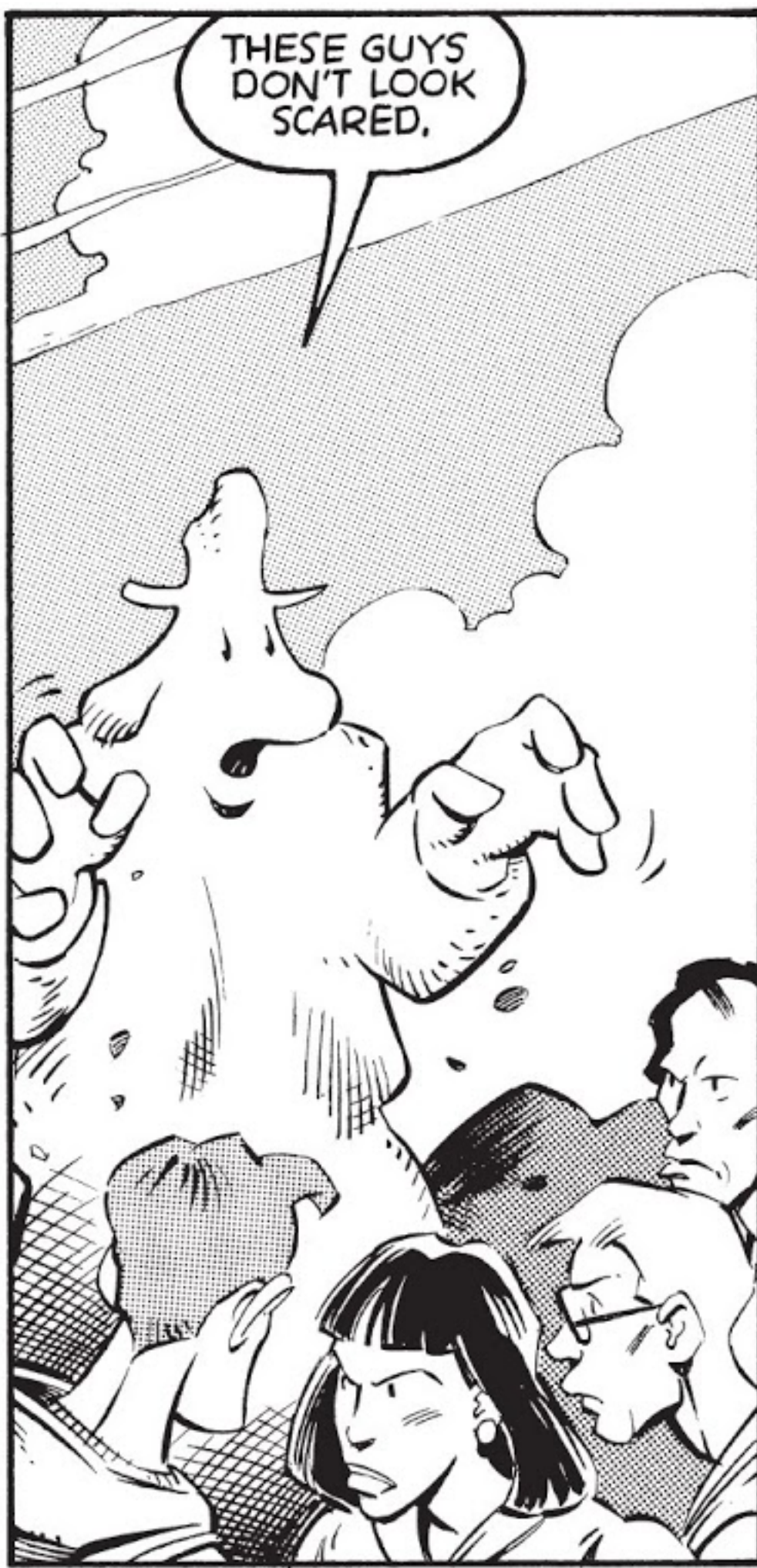
THEY'RE
LIKE SOME KIND
OF SPOOKY
SHRINERS.

A POOL OF LUKEWARM
VOLCANIC MUD. I WILL
DISGUISE MYSELF AS
**THE TERRIBLE
VOLCANO GOD.**
YOK YOK



SAW THIS ON TV
WHEN I WAS A KID.
THIS'LL BE GREAT.







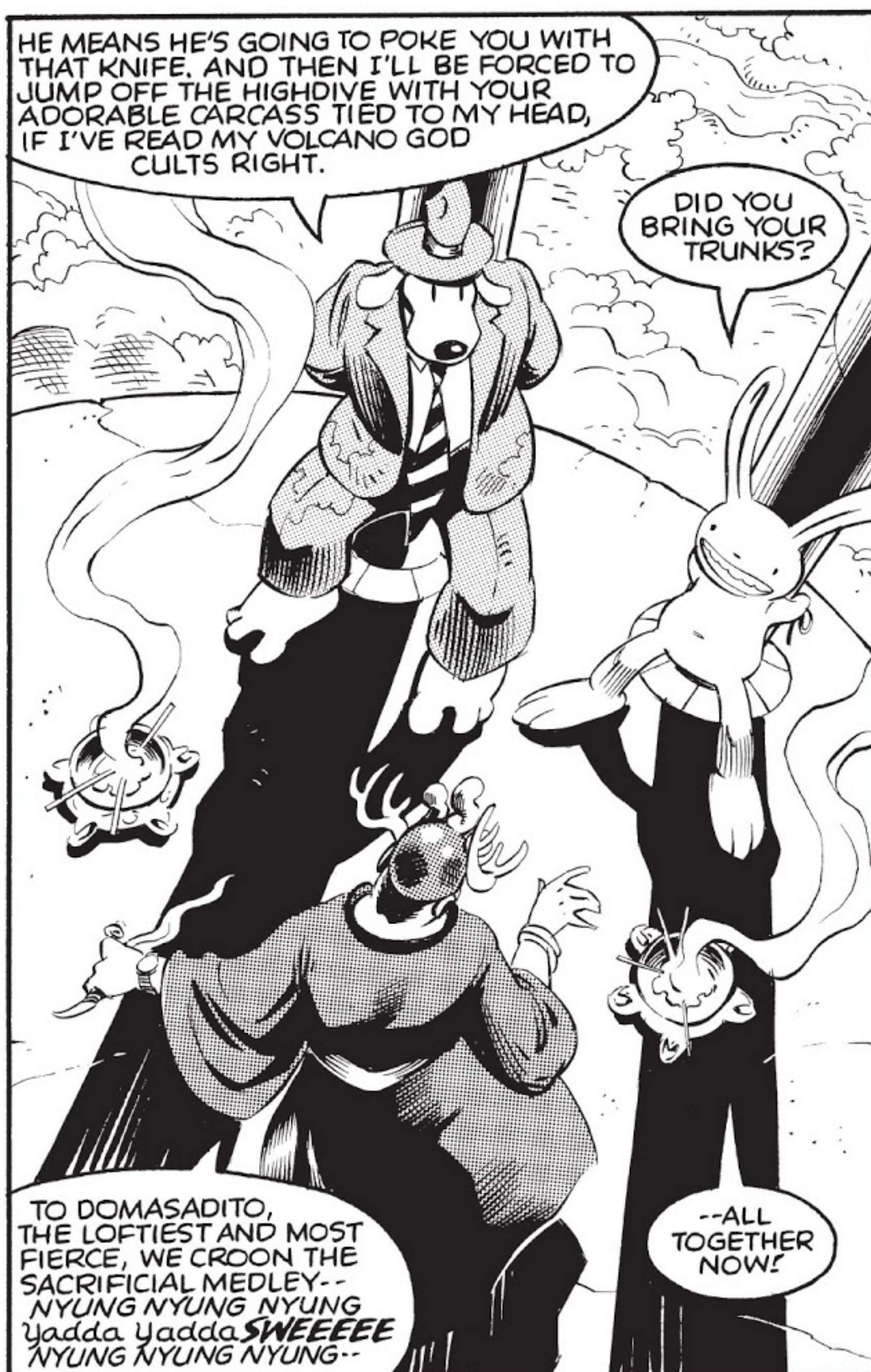
HEY, COOL KNIFE!

SHUT UP, MAX--GOOD LORD, IT'S HIM!



WE GATHER BEFORE THE SACRED LORD DOMASADITO IN WHOSE REVERED EFFULGENCE WE BASK! AND NOW, INTO THE CAPRICIOUS DIMINUTIVE ONE I RESOLVE TO *PLUNGE* THE CONSECRATED CEREMONIAL DAGGER!

HE MUST HAVE GONE TO JUNIOR COLLEGE!

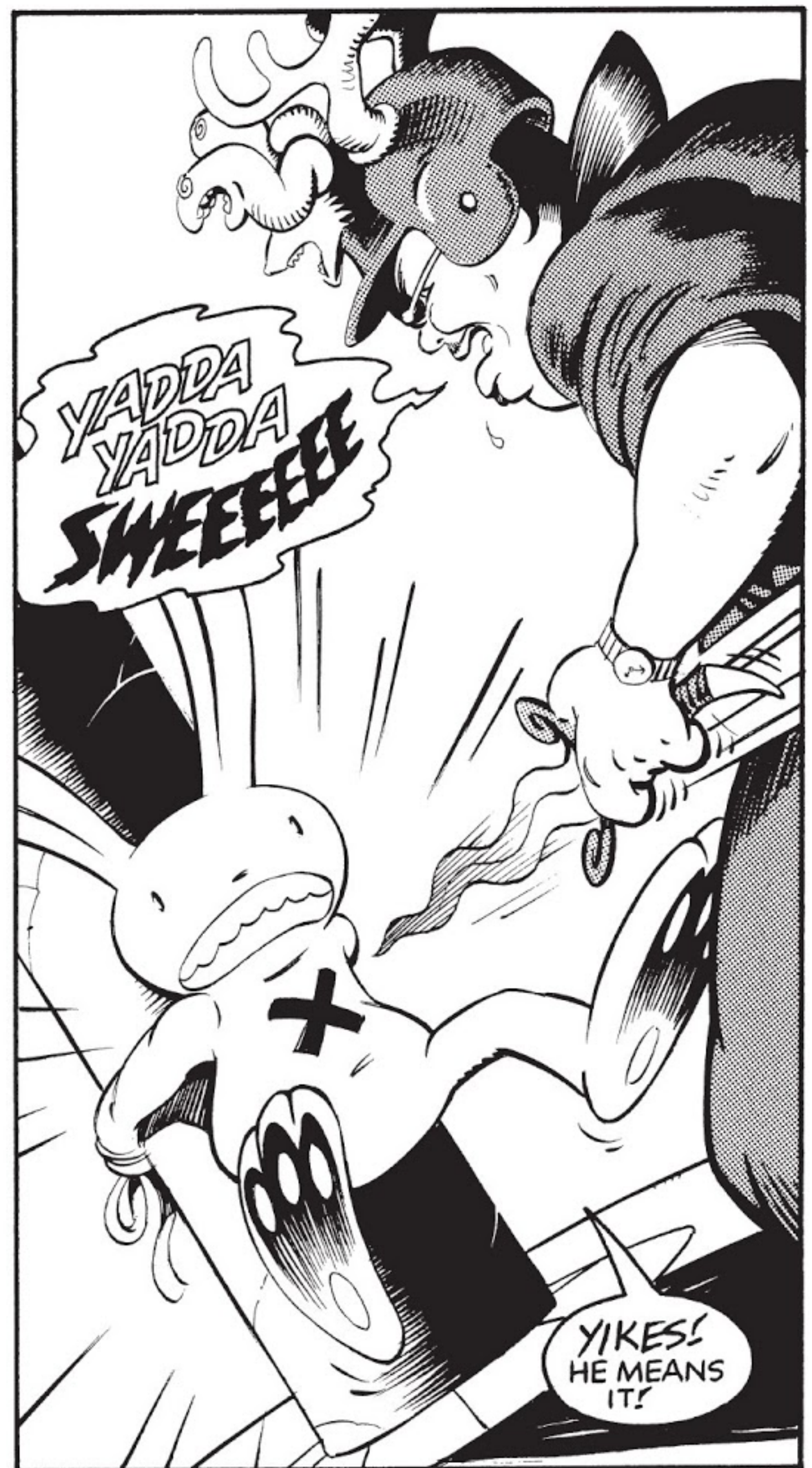


HE MEANS HE'S GOING TO POKE YOU WITH THAT KNIFE, AND THEN I'LL BE FORCED TO JUMP OFF THE HIGH DIVE WITH YOUR ADORABLE CARCASS TIED TO MY HEAD, IF I'VE READ MY VOLCANO GOD CULTS RIGHT.

DID YOU BRING YOUR TRUNKS?

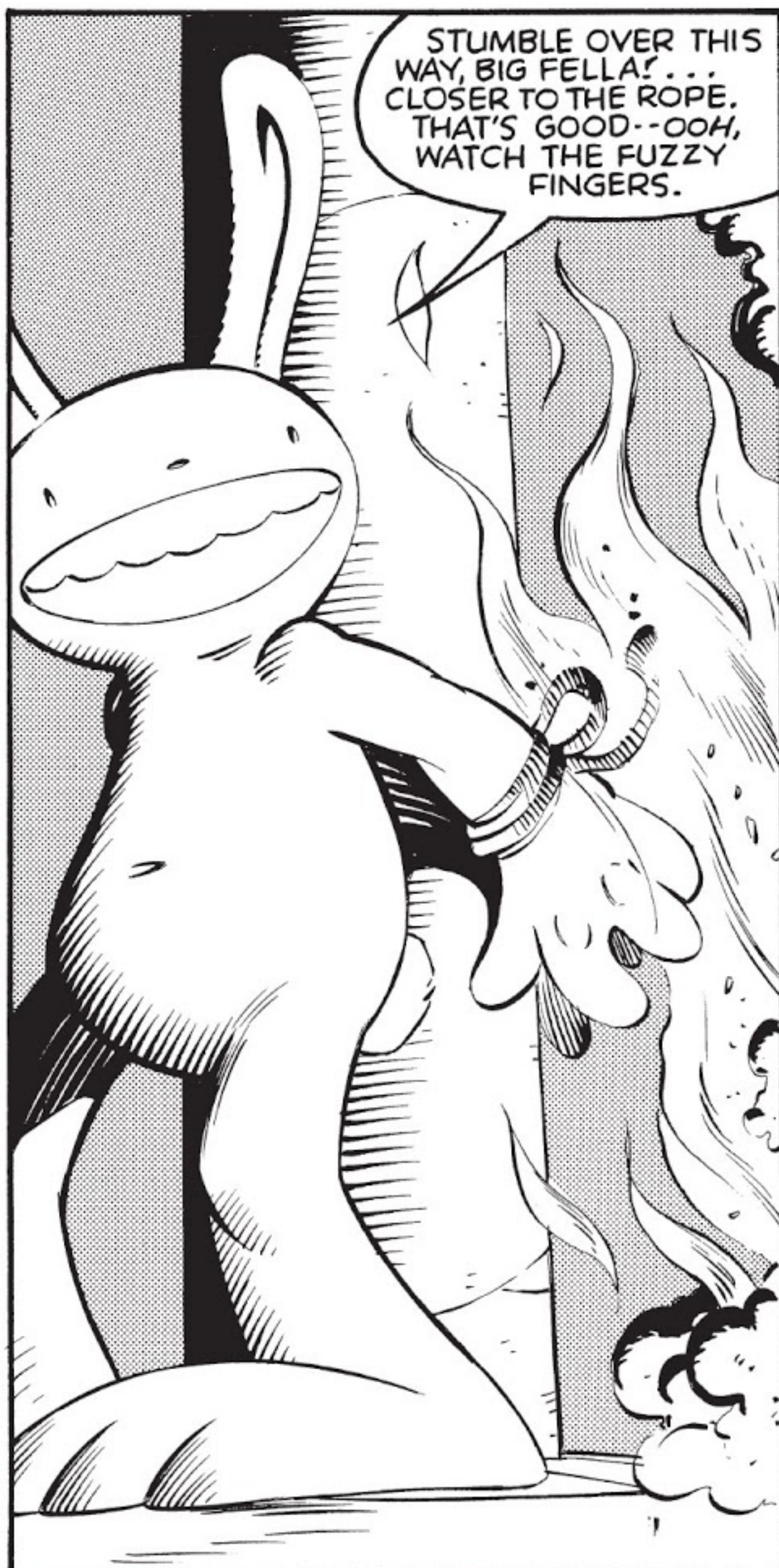
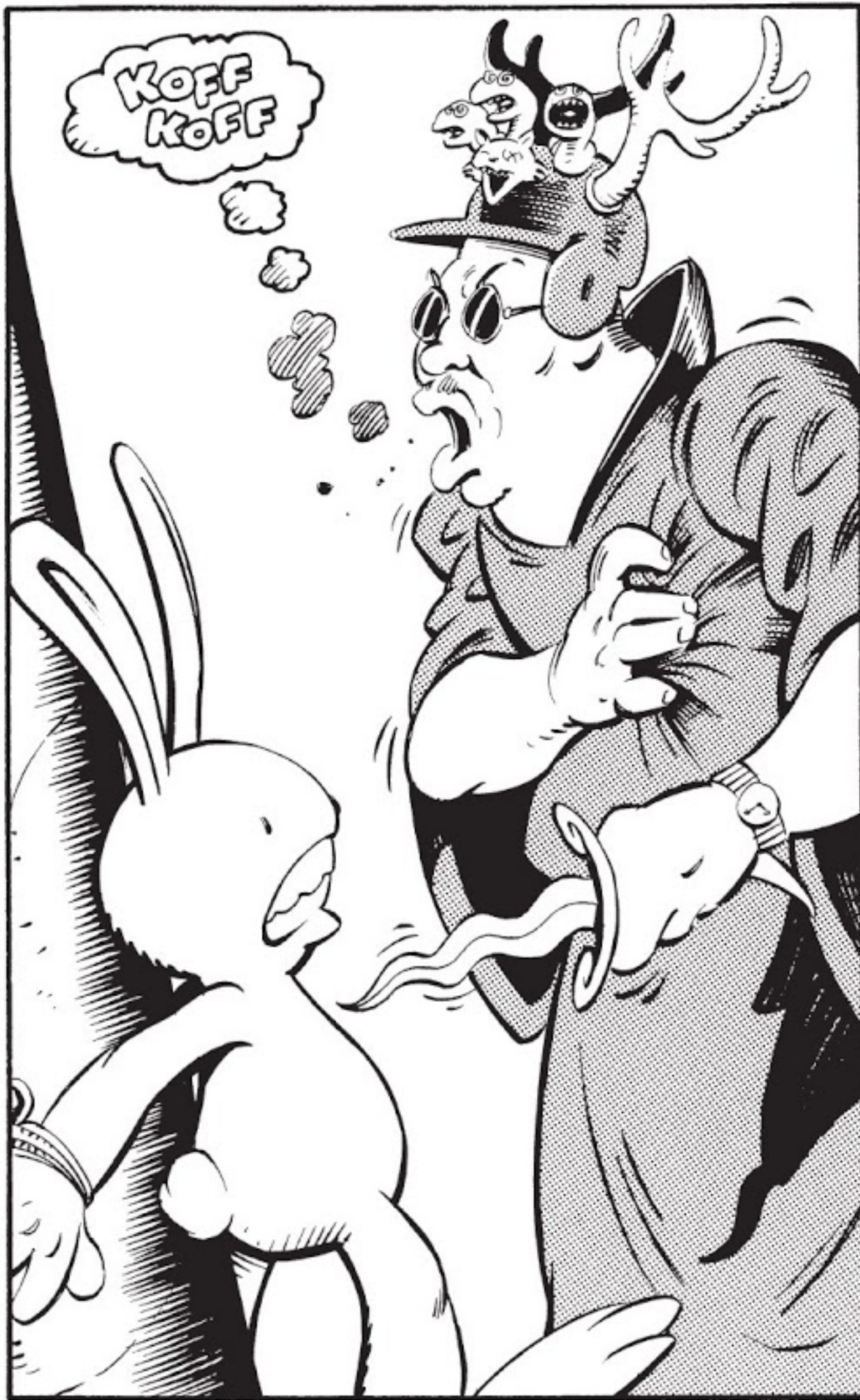
TO DOMASADITO, THE LOFTIEST AND MOST FIERCE, WE CROON THE SACRIFICIAL MEDLEY--
NYUNG NYUNG NYUNG
Yadda Yadda **SWEETEEE**
NYUNG NYUNG NYUNG--

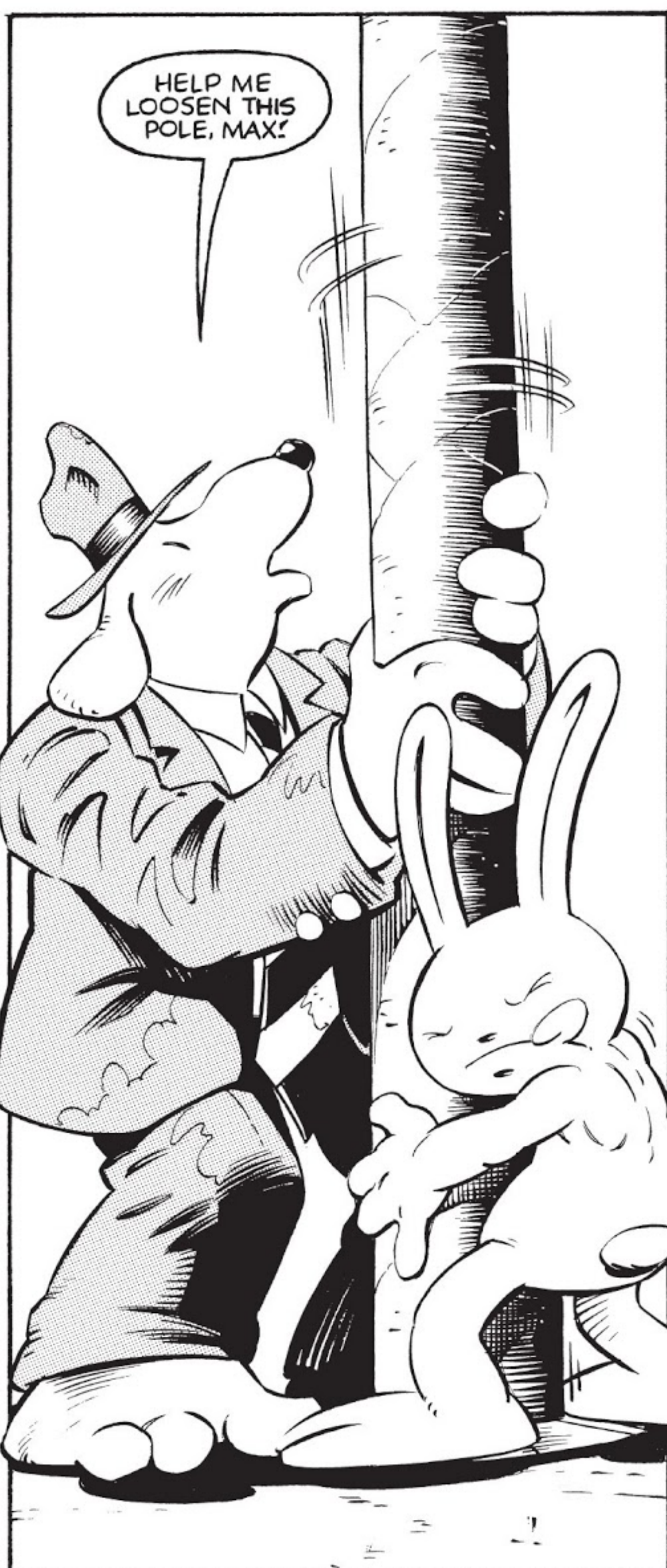
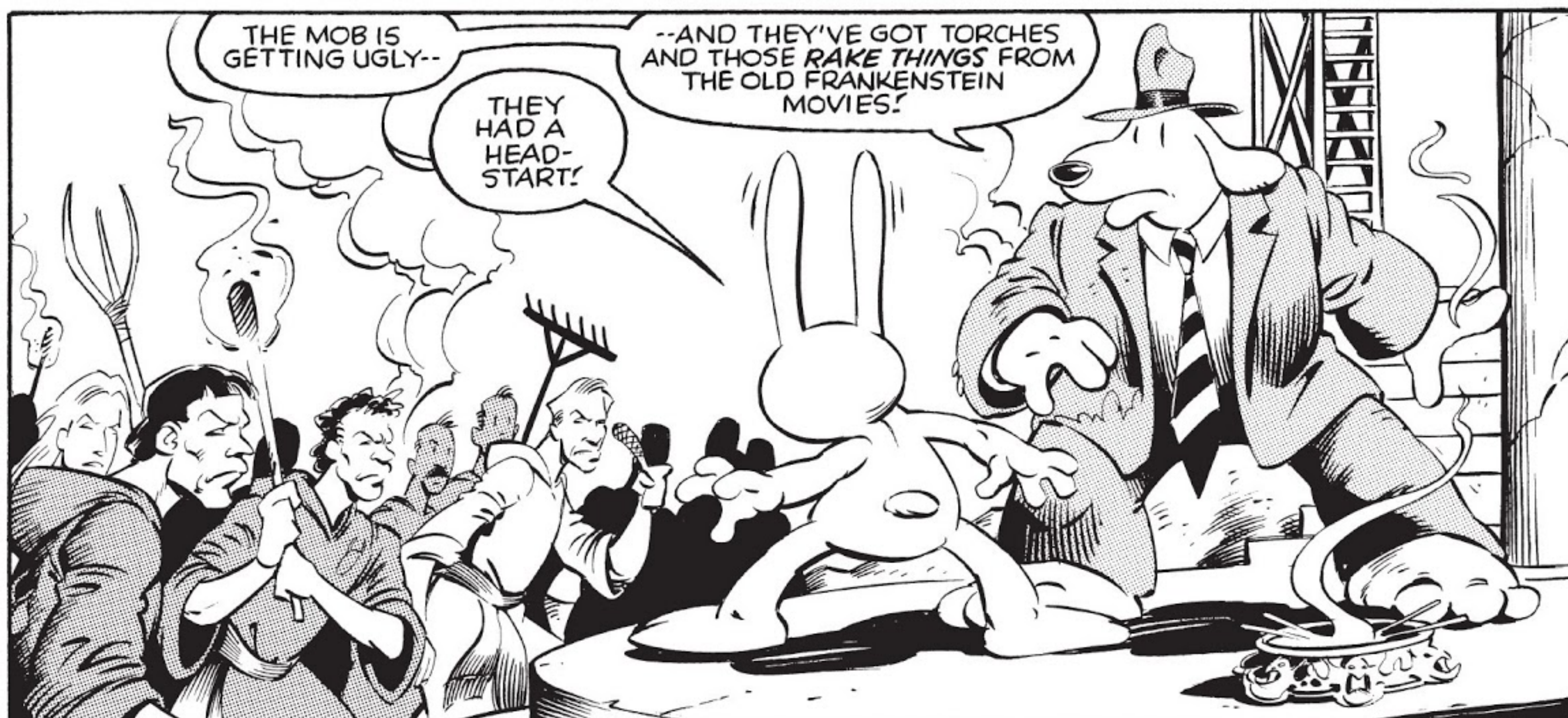
--ALL TOGETHER NOW!

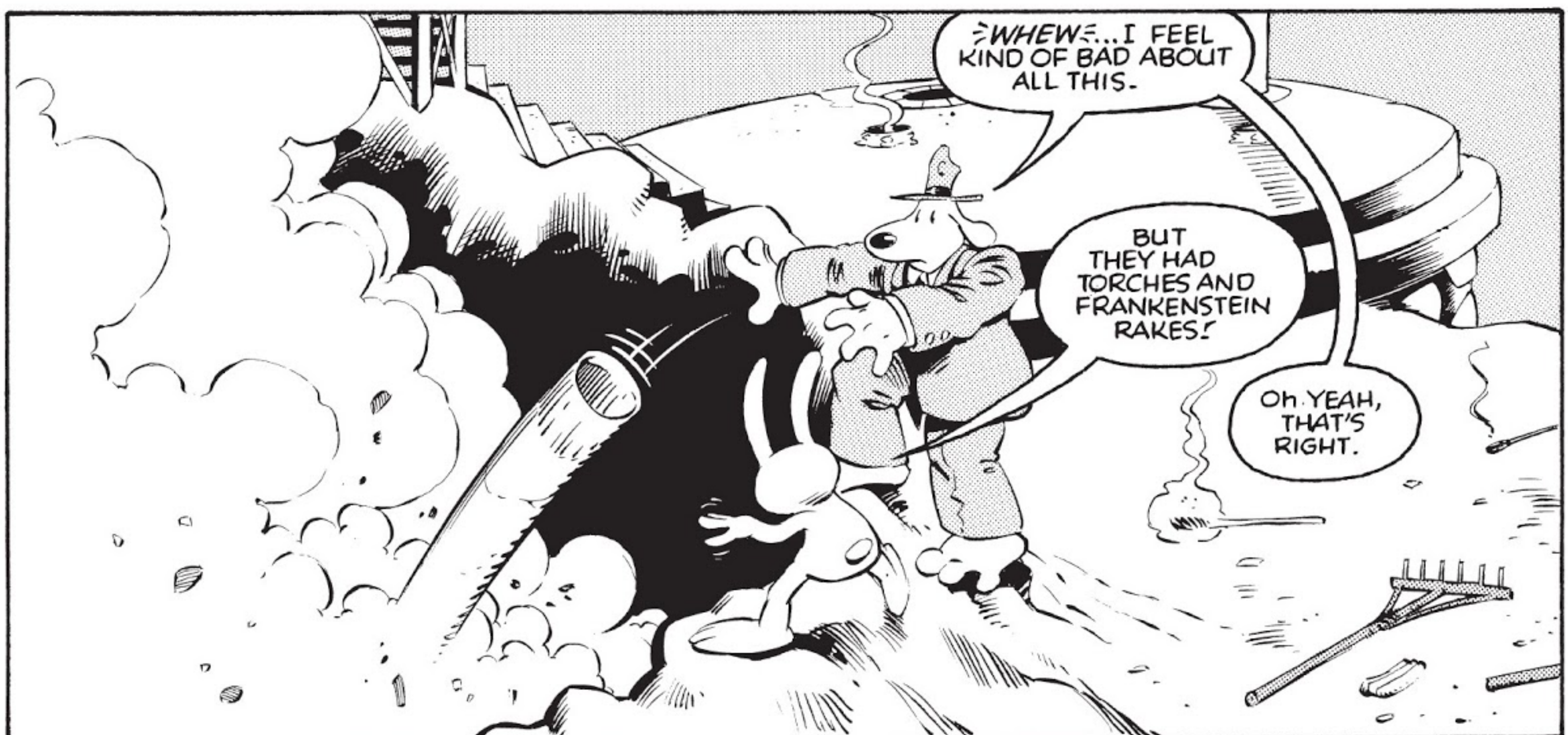
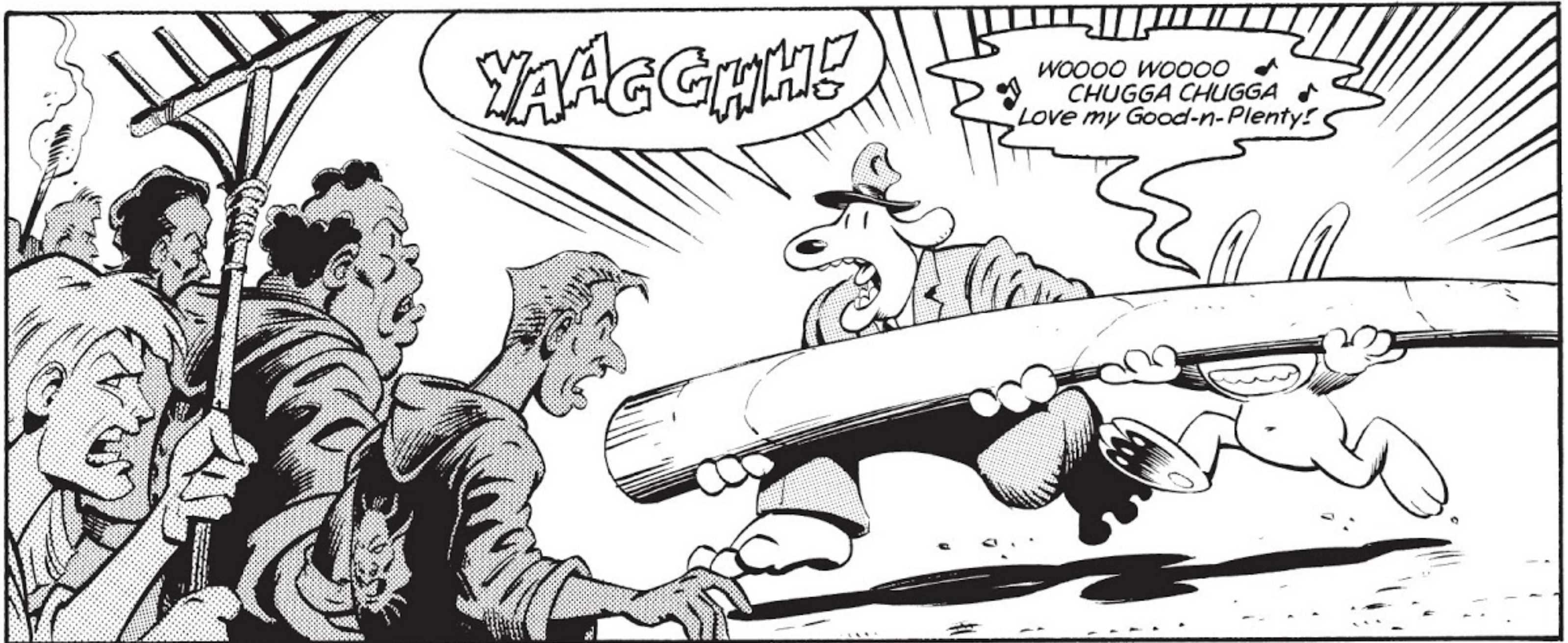


**YADDA
YADDA
SWEETEEE**

YIKES! HE MEANS IT!







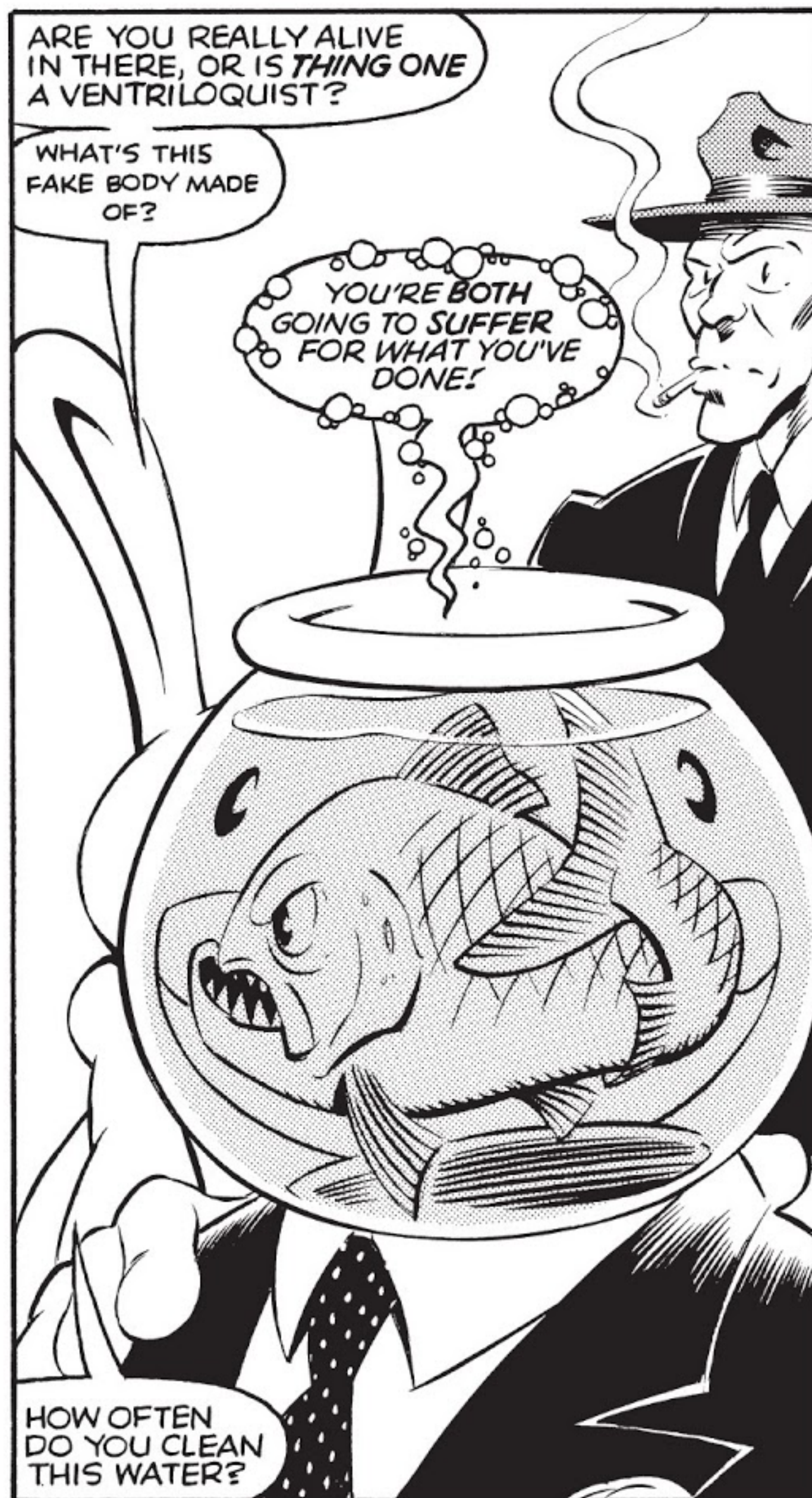


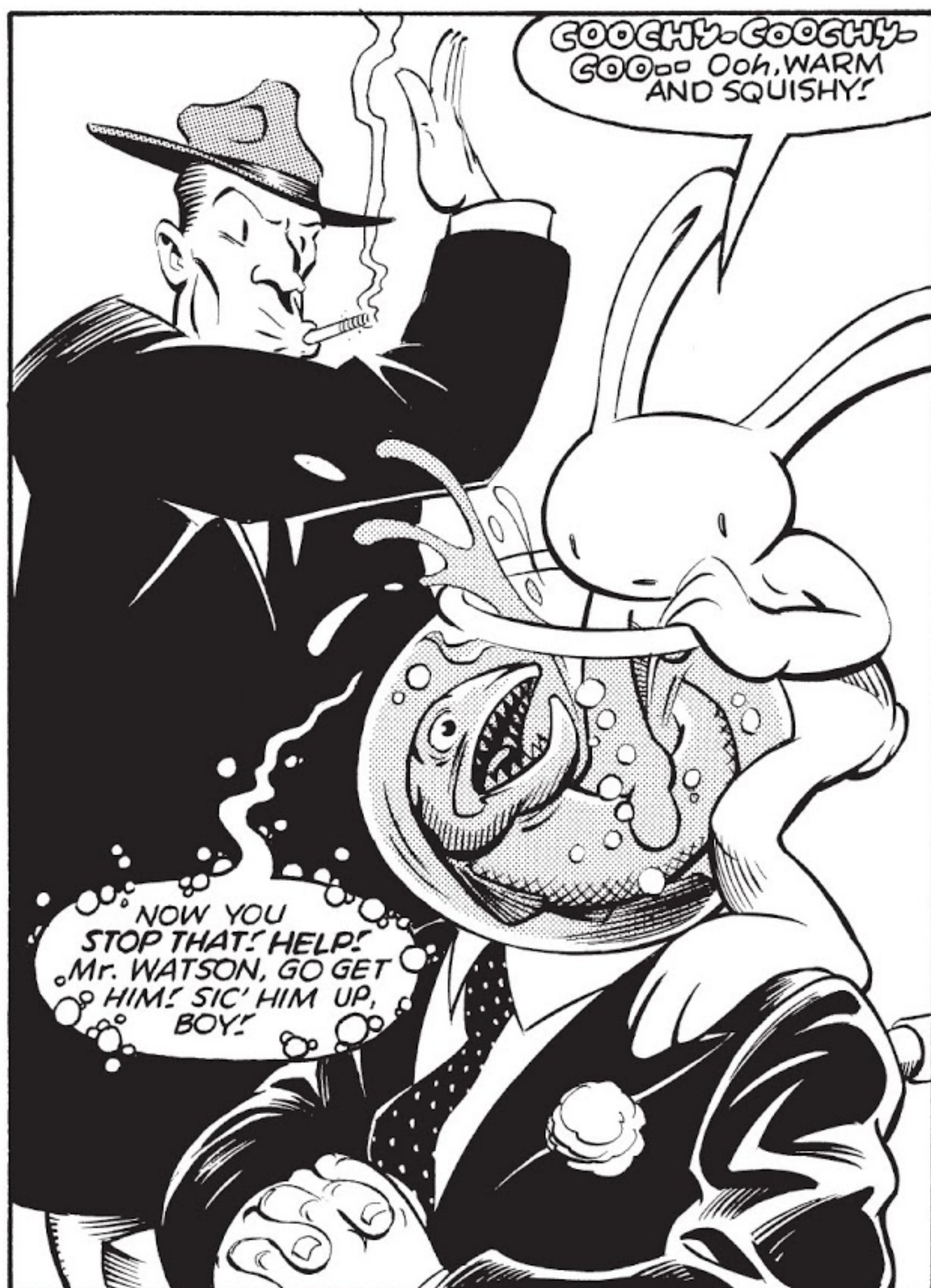
















SAM & MAX ACTIVITY PAGE

GETTING ALONG ^{IN THE} JOINT

HEY KIDS! PLANNING ON SPENDING SOME TIME IN FEDERAL PRISON? WELL, HERE'S A COOL CRAFT PROJECT THAT MIGHT JUST SHORTEN YOUR STAY! JUST FOLLOW THESE LOVINGLY ILLUSTRATED INSTRUCTIONS:

FIRST YOU'LL WANT TO PILFER 10 OR 12 BARS OF SOAP FROM THE BIG, SCARY SHOWER ROOM. A FEW BARS AT A TIME CAN BE EASILY SWALLOWED AND RETRIEVED LATER. AW, GO AHEAD. IT'S NOT THE WORST THING YOU'LL EVER HAVE TO DO IN PRISON.

READY FOR ASSEMBLY? GET THE BARS WET SO THEY CAN BE FUSED TOGETHER, SOMETHING LIKE THIS.

A BLADE FROM A SHARPENED COT SPRING WORKS FINE FOR SHAPING. MAX FOUND THIS READY-MADE WHIT'LIN' KNIFE STUCK IN THE BACK OF IGGY THE SNITCH.

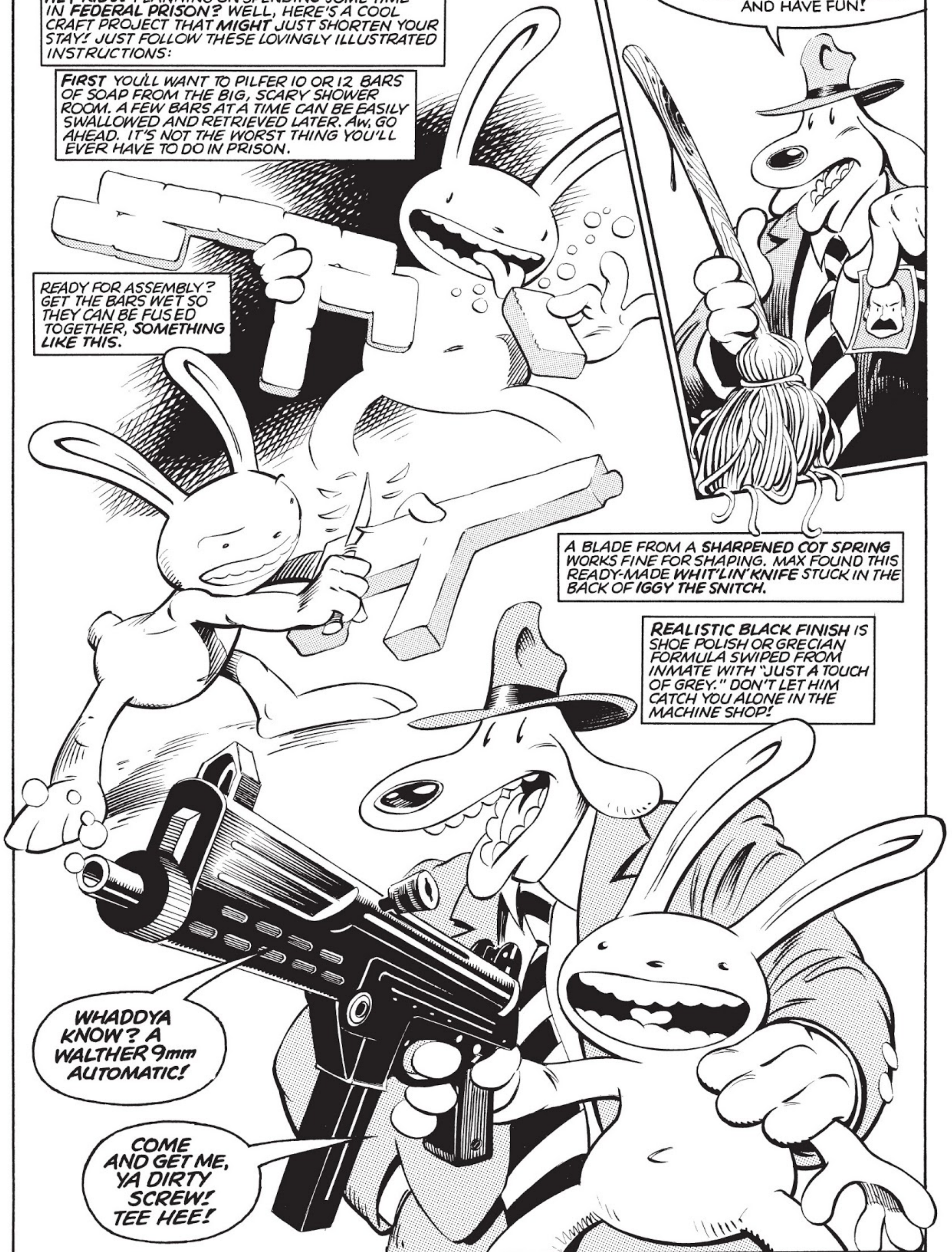
REALISTIC BLACK FINISH IS SHOE POLISH OR GRECIAN FORMULA SWIPED FROM INMATE WITH "JUST A TOUCH OF GREY." DON'T LET HIM CATCH YOU ALONE IN THE MACHINE SHOP!

WHADDYA KNOW? A WALTHER 9mm AUTOMATIC!

COME AND GET ME, YA DIRTY SCREW! TEE HEE!

SAM'S SURVIVAL CORNER

MAX'S PAL, GORDON LIDDY, HAS SOME ADVICE FOR YOU GUYS ABOUT KEEPING YOUR MANHOOD IN PRISON, AND I'M PARAPHRASING: "IF SOMEONE SAYS, 'GOOD MORNING,' BASH IN HIS HEAD WITH A MOP HANDLE." GOOD LUCK AND HAVE FUN!

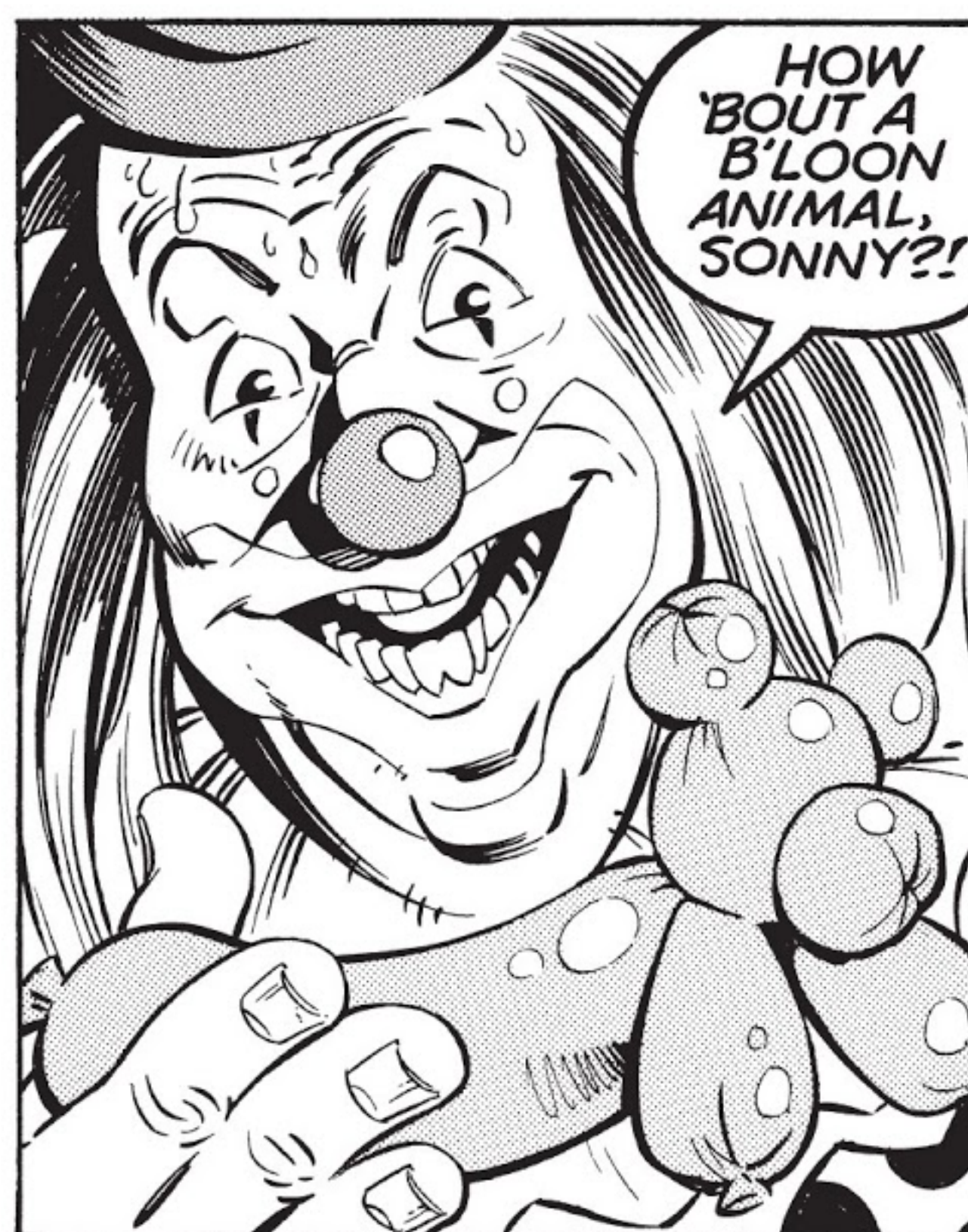
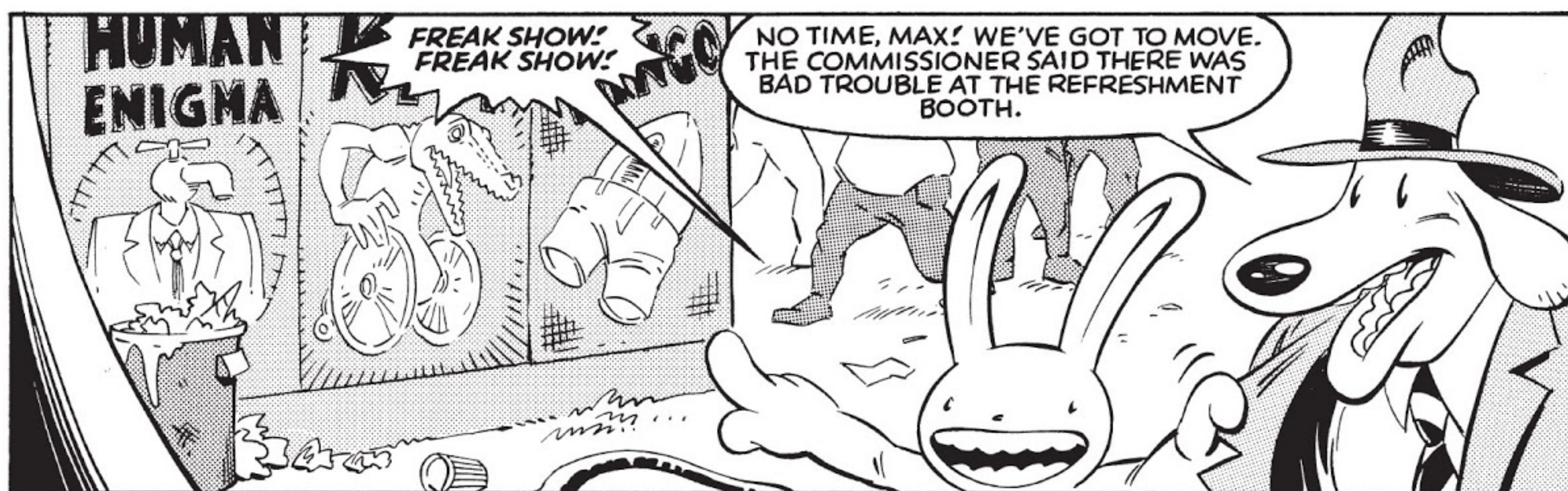


SAM and MAX
FREELANCE POLICE IN:

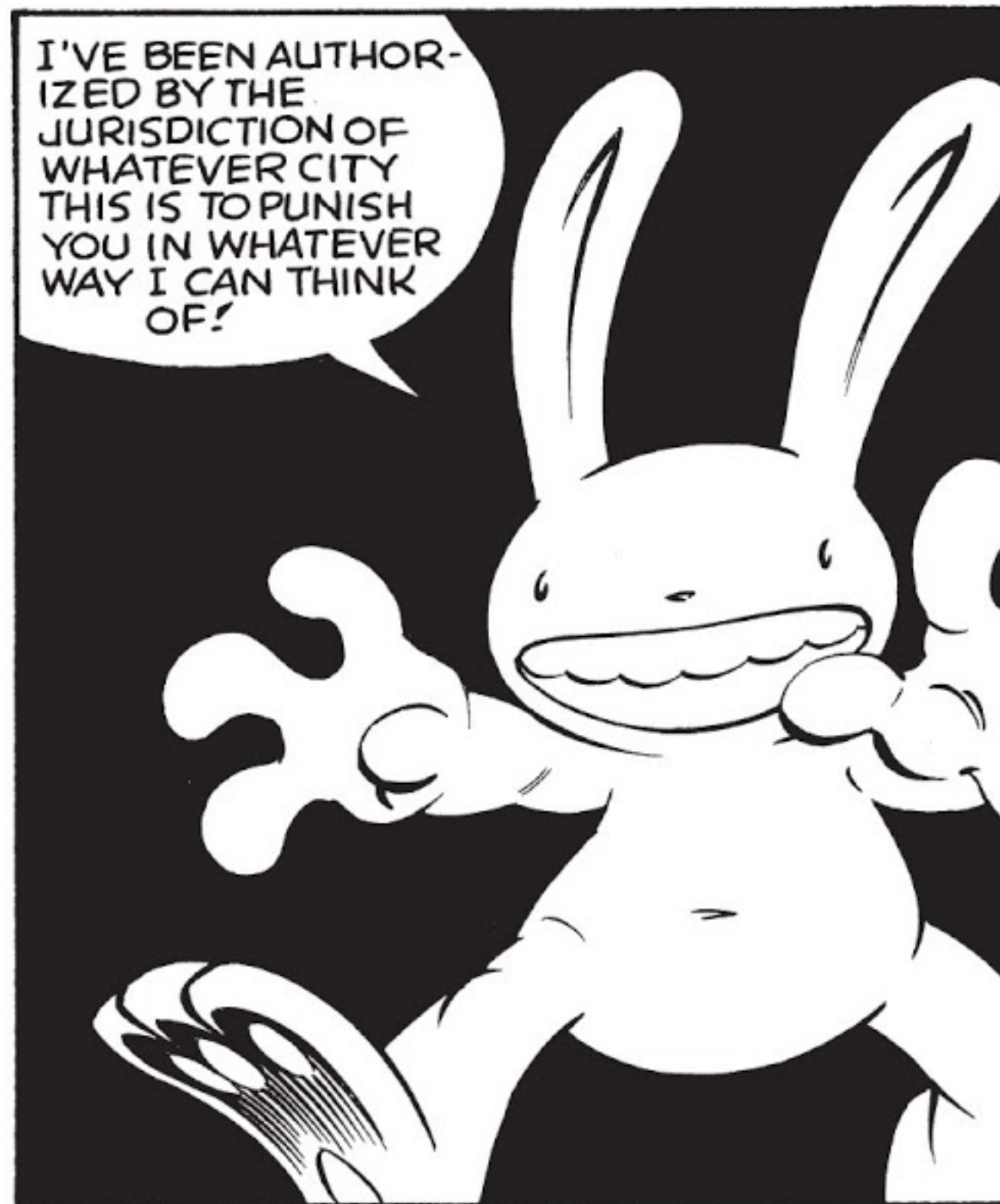
NIGHT OF THE GRINGING WILDEBEEST

BASED ON THE BROADWAY
MUSICAL: SAM AND MAX
GO TO THE CARNIVAL

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
STEVE PURCELL
LETTERED BY: L. LOIS BUHALIS







END

